THE WIND AND THE RAIN

Founded by Michael Allmand

EDITED BY NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

W. P. WITCUTT

FRANCIS KING

DAVID PAUL

ROBIN ATTHILL

J. C. MAXWELL

PETER F DRUCKER

R J CHARLESTON

FRANCES BELLERBY

D. J. B. HAWKINS

AUGUST STRINDBERG

SUMMER 1947

Volume IV Number 1

FRANCES BELLERBY

Plash Mill

A charming volume of Verse — 7s. 6d.

Hath the Rain a Father

A novel that will linger in the memory

"The work of a poet . . . A sincere and touching story" *Times Literary Supplement* 8s. 6d.

Peter Davies Ltd.

POLITICS AND LETTERS

A quarterly survey of intellectual background

Readers of THE WIND AND THE RAIN will no doubt be aware of the new critical quarterly THE CRITIC, the function of which, as the Times Literary Supplement notes, is "to establish the importance of criticism". No lesser function is to be served by POLITICS AND LETTERS. Companion to THE CRITIC and complementary, it will attempt to plot the intellectual background of the period by examining the relation of art and literature to social and political events, and the position of the artist, in his environment.

Contributors include :—

A. J. Ayer, Henry Collins, Maurice Dobb, William Empson, M. Ginsberg, Christopher Hill, Wilfred Harrison, F. R. Leavis, Roy Pascal, B. Rajan, W. Rostow, Akiba Shonfield, Henry Smith, Walter Taplin, Denys Thompson, Francis Watson & John Wisdom.

The first number on sale in July contains articles on Politics and the Group, Soviet Literary Controversy, W. B. Yeats, D. H. Lawrence, Russell and Western Philosophy, K. R. Popper, Truman's Administration, Sartre, etc.

Obtainable by request at all bookshops, or preferably direct from the publishers at two-and-sixpence, ten shillings per annum post free, or jointly with THE CRITIC at seventeen-and-six per annum. Specimen free on application.

THE CRITIC PRESS LTD. 7 NOEL STREET, W.I.

To be published in the EARLY AUTUMN

Hugo Gurgeny: *Prisoner of the Lisbon Inquisition*
MARY BREARLEY

An important historic document, by no means untopical, which is a pleasure to read. It reconstructs Inquisition methods, both physical and psychological. 9s. 6d. *net*

A Treatise on the Novel ROBERT LIDDELL

An original contribution to the aesthetic of the novel. A varied collection of texts on the subject forms a valuable appendix. 9s. 6d. *net*

The Green Man ANDREW YOUNG

Written over a number of years, these poems are all parts of a whole, a picture of nature, seen with clear yet visionary eyes 3s. 6d. *net*

JONATHAN CAPE

New and Recent Poetry from Dents

The Inn of Night
STANLEY SNAITH
By the author of *Stormy Harvest*. *6s. net*

Hinterland HAL SUMMERS
By the author of *Smoke after Flame*. *6s. net*

The Oak and the Ash
JOHN SHORT
A first volume by a writer who has already appeared in some collections of contemporary verse. *6s. net*

The Lamp RICHARD CHURCH
'Set in France under the German occupation [the poem] has a steady cumulative force . . . immensely moving and full of a deep sincerity and grace of spirit . . . a work of art, instinct with poetry.'—PATRIC DICKINSON in *The Observer*. *6s. net*

Deaths and Entrances
DYLAN THOMAS
'Mr. Dylan Thomas shows himself to be the authentic, magical thing, a true poet—original and traditional, imperfect but outstanding, with the unmistakable fire and power of genius.'
—W. J. TURNER in *The Spectator*. *4s. 6d. net*

DENT

Charles Morgan

THE JUDGE'S STORY

A new novel: a battle of character between a retired Judge, who is brought almost to disaster in his efforts to save a girl, Vivien, and Severidge, a man without integrity who has no answer to the question, "Who am I? What do I stand for?" By the author of *Sparkenbroke*, *The Voyage*, etc. 8s. 6d.

Walter Richard Sickert

A FREE HOUSE!

This collection of essays by a great English painter, edited and introduced by Sir Osbert Sitwell, will be welcomed by students of art and all who love a witty representation of the details of life and the passing scene. The book contains many collotype reproductions of Sickert's work. 25s.

MACMILLAN & Co., Ltd.

HUMANITAS

Vol. I No. 4
June-October 1947

THE CONTINUITY OF EUROPEAN TRADITION
INTERPRETATION AND FACT — G. Barraclough

THE CONTINUITY OF EUROPEAN TRADITION
THE PROBLEM EXAMINED — W. A. Pantin

WELL-ORDERED CULTURE — — — L. J. Russell

THE EXPERIENCE AND THE MEANING
(A NOTE ON T. S. ELIOT'S *BURNT NORTON*) W. Schenk

THE BLIND ART — — — — — Edward Livesey

CORRESPONDENCE—REVIEWS

Past and future contributors include: Bonamy Dobrée, Dorothy Emmet, Br. George Every, L. C. Knights, Neville Braybrooke, Eric Newton, Michael Polanyi, A. D. Ritchie, D. S. Savage and F. Sherwood Taylor.

From booksellers, or direct from The Editors, University Union, Manchester 15.
2/6 per copy, or 10/- per annum, post free.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN

Edited by NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

VOLUME IV SUMMER, 1947 NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	5
THE BELL. By Robin Atthill	13
JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. By Peter F. Drucker	17
THE ANATOMY OF JUDGMENT. By D. J. B. Hawkins	27
PROSERPINE. By R. J. Charleston	40
COURT OF JUSTICE. By Frances Bellerby	41
DO NOT LOOK IN THE GLASS. By David Paul	41
MASTER OF THE SENSES. By W. P. Witcutt	42
THE SIN OF FAUSTUS. By J. C. Maxwell	49
THE WITNESS. By Francis King	53
A HALF-SHEET OF PAPER. By August Strindberg	56

SELECTED NOTICES :

HISTORY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY. By Bertrand Russell	57
AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE IN RELIGION. By Geddes MacGregor	62
THE STAMP OF NATURE. By Dallas Kenmare	64
DIMENSIONS OF PERSONALITY. By H. J. Eyesenck	64
THE DIVIDED WAYS. By John Heath-Stubbs	66
DECEMBER SPRING. By Jocelyn Brooke	66
MOMENTS OF TIME. By W. J. Strachan	66
SHORTER NOTICES	*inside back cover*

THE WIND AND THE RAIN is published quarterly in January, April, July and October, by the Phœnix Press, and edited from 15 Newton Court, London, W.8 (Western 2928). Subscription rates are £10 for life, or 8s. 6d. per annum. In U.S.A. copies may be bought direct from our sole American distributors, Circle, 2252 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley 4, California. Back numbers and advertisement rates may be obtained on application. All manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, if their return is desired. Young writers are welcomed, and a verdict on all work is given within a month.

ANDREW DAKERS LIMITED

POETRY

IF PITY DEPARTS
Robin Atthill

A first collection of poems by a writer whose work will be well known to readers of this and other reviews.
Ready now **5s.** *net*

STEPS TO A VIEWPOINT
Alexander Reid

A first volume of poems designed to show the movement of the poet's mind from doubt and frustration towards a new synthesis.
Ready now **5s.** *net*

MURDOCK
Francis Berry

A new book by a vigorous young poet of striking and original gifts.
Ready shortly **5s.** *net*

POEMS FROM OBSCURITY
Margiad Evans

A collection by the well-known Welsh writer.
Ready shortly **5s.** *net*

COLLECTED POEMS
William Soutar

A definitive volume, edited and with an Introduction by Hugh MacDiarmid, of the work of the great Scots poet.
Ready shortly **21s.** *net*

39 Store Street W.C.1.

EDITORIAL

NO one has ever seen a flying hippopotamus. On the other hand, a number of people own paper-weights made in the form of a winged sphinx, for whereas there is something ethereal, semi-divine and almost human about a sphinx, the hippopotamus is endowed with no such tantalizing traits : he is an ugly, snorting, leaden type of brute and, in spite of T. S. Eliot's attempt to equate him with the Established Church of England—

> I saw the 'potamus take wing
> Ascending from the deep savannas,
> And quiring angels round him sing
> The praise of God, in loud hosannas '

it is Belloc's picture of him as the beast who must be shot with platinum bullets if his hide is to be penetrated that is the more popular. No doubt the reason for such favouritism is because what is learnt at school, even though at the time humorous verse may be afforded no more attention than a cracker limerick, often makes a deeper impression than what is studied at the university—especially when as here, the satire shows a more predominant effort for technical mastery than for the crystallization of accumulated experience. Besides, the kindergarten tends to foster an early preference for animal poetry : for songs about blackbirds and pigs and tigers. Poets have not been backward in this matter, since Donne wrote of the flea and Clare of the badger, whilst more recently E. V. Lucas composed a pekinese national anthem and Marianne Moore an eulogy of the snail in *vers libre*. But these observations are subsidiary to the point about the sphinx and the hippopotamus : they are tributaries flowing from the main river and are only helpful in so far as they strengthen the banks of the principal argument. To complete the loop of reasoning so that the hidden may be unveiled there will be a need to return to them later.

Today a good deal of nonsense is talked about animals. A prime example was when many American women, caring little for the fate of the inhabitants of Hiroshima or Nagasaki, were quite horrified when it was suggested that goats and other farmyard stock should be used for purposes of atomic experimentation. They considered it not just ; yet these very citizens did not so much as cast a censorious glance at the judicial system which permitted Ezra Pound for several weeks to be kept in solitary confinement before he was tried. True he was allowed to receive letters, but he was permitted to write none, whilst he was penned up in an open-air wire compound without furniture or bedding, exposed to the roasting Italian sun by day and the glare of searchlights by night.* It was not surprising therefore

* See also *Epitaph on Nuremberg* by Montgomery Belgion.

that after several weeks of this treatment he was found unable to plead his case nor that not a word about injustice or human degradation was mentioned in the large daily papers of the United States. It seemed that what was degrading for an animal had become natural for a man.

This attitude of the self-righteous puritanical maiden aunt is also exhibited at the coupling of cattle, or the violence and surrender which attends the mating of a hippopotamus. Yet, precisely those who are most shocked here, are the first to condone and advocate euthanasia and artificial human insemination. Now, if the question is really plumbed, it can be seen that the fallacy comes from rating the semi-human (the sphinx for example) higher than the human which is partly divine : in short, man. On the contrary, the apparent lust of animals is quite normal, for as suffering can be an inverted joy for the masochist so what appears evil and painful from a higher level may on a lower level be an ecstatic pleasure : it can provide the death-motif which is so apparent in Troubadour songs. The same wish, too, exists in the yells of corybants in a Pyrrhic festival or the swirl and dying momentum of an apache dance. Moreover, this pride of stallionship, which is equally blatant in both negro jazz and Hindu temples as well as in such a poem as *Toro y Picador* by the nineteenth century Spanish poet, José Zorilla, is a natural element in man since it is an instinctive one which can only be overcome in a supernatural way. However, even the original virility of such art seems at present sapped of life so that one is faced with the predicament in which nations just let their manhood drift indifferently away. All the same, the scene is not blotted as blackly as some would make out, for even if the factory clamps its vices on a drive for all-out production with freedom provided for state-controlled leisure, the knowledge of the Word still prevails ; even if the shutters are drawn down and the liturgy exchanged for the five cent automatic musical box, the knowledge of the birth at Bethlehem still remains ; even if the lights of the city go out and the darkness seems afire with the glow of satanic couriers and the evening becomes dead like the day of the Crucifixion, the knowledge of the Resurrection still continues.

In each case it is a knowledge which, independent of nationality or political belief, cannot be extinguished, because even when totalitarian rule dominates and will not permit God to exist, God, since he is omnipotent, can permit such systems to triumph without his suffering an eclipse. Yet this argument is seldom used, and it is a verdict on public men as a whole that they have relegated such topics to the Churches without letting them naturally infiltrate into everyday affairs. It is the same lackadaisical habit of mind which, in another way, manifests itself when statesmen, because they cannot be bothered to master the pronunciation of Central European names, neglect foreign politics and return to preparing, as light relief, pointless interim reports on such subjects as cost-of-living indices :

pointless because Members of Parliament, whilst raising their own salaries by 66 per cent, attempt to delude workers into believing their costs to have risen by only 31 per cent. Indeed it is exactly footling documents like these that kept for so long matters of first import, such as the position of Germany within a European polity, out of sight. Hence it is that when the German history of the few years succeeding the Potsdam Agreement comes to be written, it will be men of Victor Gollancz's calibre who will figure far more prominently than the many underlings in the Control Commission who in serving time soon found they had sold themselves out for there is always a limit to exploitation, and though often the dividends pay highly they do not last for long : a dummy hand is quickly played. A promising sign, rather indirectly, of this was given earlier in the year when General Marshall declared that a word like ' federalism ' meant one thing in the United States and another elsewhere. His speech emphasized the need for a new political vocabulary, and for this reason the individual actions of men outside of politics are significant. They are not trained politicians and they therefore bring into the parliamentary arena fresh ideas which throw home and foreign affairs into a proper perspective so that in jostling with other factors they take on a new immediacy—an immediacy in which, among other things, poetry and philosophy have their respective roles.

One of the tests, then, is that a man before consenting to any one party should persevere to discover the truth, or if that be impossible, he should accept that which is most difficult to disprove. Not for a moment must he cease from the struggle, and with the press as large as it is today, it is more than ever essential that he should be constantly assessing his position and going through a revaluation of it. These comments may be trite, but as one contributor says later in this issue, the time is ripe—the age being rotten with a host of falsely manufactured paradoxes—for the repeating of a certain number of philosophical platitudes. In this particular case, the one cited is drawn from Plato, and it should be remembered that the Greek added that if a man could sail through life upon a stronger vessel than humanly gained truth, upon some divine revelation, his voyage would be the better for that. At any rate, apart from the generality of this rule, its wisdom serves another purpose : of hinting prophetically, if less directly, in the way that Virgil did, of a Messiah to come. It is also interesting to note that after the *Aeneid* was written the Mantuan had planned to devote his life to philosophy, and although he never lived to embark upon such a project, both poet and philosopher here stand testimony in a minor way to Henri Bremond's apothegm that when a poet is doubled by a philosopher it has a strange way of humbling a man. It is a remark that should be taken in conjunction with one made by George Eliot to the effect that many men have the hearts of poets without the voices, and which henceforth must be kept uppermost in the argument which ensues.

A poet is not a photographer. Of course, he may describe the

dawn ' in russet mantle clad ' or truant school boys ' as innocent as strawberries', but in neither case is the image a replica: the vision of Piers Plowman is not a guide book to take on a walking tour of the Malverns. Again the poet does not come to conclusions about life so much as discern its qualities : in the *Testament of Beauty* Bridges dealt with a group of philosophical ideas, but only so as to examine them and not to dispute their authenticity. There is always an element of mystery in such works, so that both the poet and his readers are never quite sure of what exactly is taking place. That is why the criticism of poetry is very much the criticism of experience, because poetry and criticism are gifts : they are not acquired by an academic study of metre, but are largely intuitive. That, too, is why poetry-reviewing is in such a sad state : there are far too many magazines for the number of genuinely qualified critics available. Again, the poetic gift is, in contrast to that of the mystic, one which must be shared : the vision gained must be imparted, and it is true to say that in this sense the poet inherits, as do saints and mystics, the powers of prophecy as a birth-right. He is a seer, and although the point has often been made in relation to Shakespeare and the nineteenth century Romantics, it is worth noting here a similar presentiment about the future in the works of Ibsen.

In the play, *The League of Youth*, one of the characters, Lundstead, opines that fellows like Stensgaard in ten or fifteen years will be in power : exactly fifteen years later in 1884 John Sverdrup (a similar character) was governing Norway. Another of his plays, *Emperor and Gallilean*, which deals with Julian the Apostate, contains a part written concerning the Tredje Rige, the Third Reich, and curiously enough, was written at Berchtesgaden. Remembering such facts, it is also equally pertinent to remember that Halvdan Koht in his life of the dramatist begins with the words ' Henrik Ibsen was a poet.' At least, seen together, these comments have the merit of showing how poets are in advance of their ages, and it is this quality which differentiates them from mere versifiers.

The true poet must be both strong and upright in his work, but even beyond this he must be humble, and those who would here ejaculate Baudelaire's name should be made more wary of not confusing the exterior side of a personality with the interior. A shoplifter who has stolen a pair of stockings is quite as capable of giving a beggar a coin as is a boxer who has just won a championship. In fact, their motives may be identical, for even though one may abandon one's vocation as a poet one cannot lose it ; and often those who proclaim they have lost theirs and with them the affection of the heart's holiness only say so in order to find them once more. Moreover, as in Baudelaire, the humility which can make an artist's art unconscious can pop up like a jack-in-a-box elsewhere : in taking three hours to tie a cravat or persistently omitting the last *e* in the spelling of Shakespeare. However, away from such eccentricities, which are often forms of vanity or conceit, others have grown up

to which the modern era, so to say, has given its benediction. One of these Epstein has aptly diagnosed :—

> The Modern Sculptor without religion, without direction, tradition, and stability, is at a terrible disadvantage compared with the sculptors of previous periods. He has to invent even his subject matter, and he has at last been driven into the *cul de sac* of " pure form " where he is either making works which are totally meaningless or repeating aimlessly the same set of forms with slight variations.'

This conception has led to ' aesthetics ' being considered as a separate matter in which, treating under such a heading only the fine arts, there is a latent danger that such a segregation may ruin any general approach to the excellence of all things. Hitherto this danger has been relatively small, but now, since work is no longer regarded as a lover's worship, it has become an avalanche threatening to overrun all. That is the rub. Only by love can it be overcome and without love poetry cannot be fathomed.

It is this love which constitutes the philosopher's search and comes to the poet like a visitation. Both attitudes reflect from opposite angles how the purpose of creation opens itself in the desire to find and portray wisdom's beauty : and beauty, because it is common to all men, is not necessarily knowable by the intellect alone. To be in a bus and watch a soldier pay a girl's fare, or a young child offer his place to a cripple, can for the observer be an experience as moving as Othello's speech to the Senate or the biblical use of the phrase ' And God said.' Obviously the comparisons are ones of degree, not number, but they do, both because of and in spite of their colloquiality, emphasize how a very mundane scene can become transcended with a new halo of radiance. They possess the same pathos as Dostoievsky understood when poor Mitya Kamarazov was asked to take off his shoes and was reluctant to do so lest the holes in his socks be seen, or when before her end the Duchess of Malfi asked her murderers to see her young ones had their nightly medicine. In the most intimate of ways, these incidents present the very minds and hearts of men and women at their last extremity and are hence states which only great poets can reveal. They are revelations, too, over which authors must impose the strictest self-discipline, for they are moments so akin to tears, to the silence of weeping which is not heard, that in witnessing such scenes they may only cause a visual impact and not prompt further thought. Here again the danger of aestheticism has arisen which can only be evaded by great poets, since they have the power to make one feel with the eyes and hear with the heart, something which they achieve through rhythm, because in its effects rhythm is universal. As was stressed earlier, that primitive desire for orgiastic dances and whirling dervishes has reappeared, but on this occasion in a new dress, so that the dictum once posited that the greater perfection to which reason attains the more judgments are preferred to the imagination carries with it partial truth ; nevertheless not the full truth since although it is true

that the first writers were poets it is unlikely—as the rider suggests—that the last writers will be philosophers. Instead, they are more likely to be poetical philosophers.

Shelley believed that both Plato and Bacon were such men. Bertrand Russell believes that Byron was such a man, and for this reason in his *History of Western Philosophy** he allots him a place beside Rosseau, Kant, Hegel and Schopenhauer. There is a case, too, for Nietzsche's prose in *Thus Spake Zarathustra* being considered biblically poetic, in the way that much German literature is. One finds it in Spengler and the Jewish thinker Martin Buber, and it provokes the supposition that perhaps from Germany, of the European countries, will arise a language sufficiently staccato, yet flexible enough, to follow the soul in its intimations of immortality. But this is by the bye, and one comes back to another poet philosopher: this time from Scandinavia: he is Søren Kierkegaard who once wrote :—

> What is a poet? An unhappy man who conceals deep torments in his heart but whose lips are so formed that when a groan or a shriek streams out, then it sounds like beautiful music. His fate is like that of those unfortunates who in Philaris' ox were slowly tortured by a slow fire, whose shriek could not reach the tyrant's ear to affright him; it sounded to him like sweet music. . . . I tell you I had rather be a swineherd upon the flats of Amigar and be understood of the swine than be a poet and be misunderstood of men.'

This quotation, taken from *Either-Or*, in which the conflict is developed between the aesthetic and ethical as symbolized in the case of the former by Wilde as the sphinx and of the latter by Eliot as the hippopotamus, also in retrospect drives one back to Nietzsche.

He had declared that if there were gods how could he endure not to be God. Therefore, he concluded, there were no gods. His process of logic was simple, but it carried with it another tenet (and one which he did not admit). That tenet is that whatever humbles a man's pride must be judged false. Now it is one of the virtues of poetry and philosophy that they humble a man: even the wisest professor can be put to shame by an average sized encyclopaedia. If anything is to be achieved there must be specialization, but specialization against an organic background which covers political as well as domestic events and does not allow one to dwarf the other. A barrier of books will not hide a man from his soul, for as there is a time for reading, for Aristotle and Milton, there is also a time for helping cripples into buses and partaking in the advent of a soldier's love as a means to magnify the creator of such a world. The genesis of such experience may not be startling, but it does produce an act of worship on the part of the philosophical observer who is both his own poet and listener simultaneously. For the poet in him is of no age and—whether his city be Troy or Dublin—such poetry will always seem young. For the listener in him he will see in terms of

* See page 57.

song, and the song will react first on his imagination and secondly on the reason and then in a reflective manner. In other words, what is secondary in the case of poetry, will be primary in the case of philosophy. But either way, it is the passing on of the message that ultimately counts.

For instance, Keats first wrote ' a thing of beauty is a constant joy ' and later ' a thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' There is no doubt that ' for ever ' carries the shock through whereas ' constant ' does not. Also, although consciously he set out to teach nothing in particular, by this line he communicates a certain shock, a second of ecstasy, to which the reader can respond. Wordsworth describes it as

> ' When the light of sense goes out,
> But with a flash that has recalled
> The invisible world '

—lines which exemplify how the more melodious the music inherent in song is, the more it can be disturbing and penetrate to the depths of man. After all when poetry *only* produces ease the first signs of decadence have set in : but when it causes the soul to look into itself it will take on a new vitality because in doing so the soul will be brought face to face with him in whose image it has been made. That is the turning point. It is the cross which poetry can bear, but which since Descartes many philosophers have been unable to carry, and from which they are still hanging. It is the question of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche over again, which in completing the loop of the present argument calls for a final summing-up.

When men look into themselves their lives take on a new perspective. It is usually as children that they do this first, and often, as in the case of Christopher Smart, through a household pet.

> For I am possessed of a cat, surpassing in beauty, from whom I take occasion to bless Almighty God. . . .
> For he is the servant of the Living God, duly and daily serving him.
> For he purrs in thankfulness, when God tells him he's a good cat.
> For he is an instrument for the children to learn benevolence upon.
> For every house is incomplete without him and a blessing is lacking in the spirit.

By such means a love for animals, free of the hysteria brought out in recent atomic experimentation, is learnt since it is both moderate and prudent. Meanwhile it is always as well to remember that things animate and inanimate glorify their maker, whilst persons and things interact so that a dose of rash budgeting in one country will eventually affect another : a nation cannot permit another to starve so as to pay reparations without expecting such treatment eventually to boomerang upon the administrators of it. Accordingly, away from the political side of the question, the same phenomena can be observed geographically : drought and volcanic eruptions in the East equally affect the West, for both concern human welfare, since ' no man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe ' : instead each man is

'a peece of the *Continent*' or as Dorothy Day, the American social worker, has graphically put it :—

> 'Solitude and hunger and weariness of spirit—these sharpened my perceptions, so that I suffered not only my own sorrow, but the sorrows of those about me. I was no longer myself. I was a man. I was no longer a young girl . . . I was the oppressed. I was the drug addict, screaming and tossing in her cell, beating her child against the wall. I was that shoplifter, who for rebellion was sentenced to solitary. I was that woman who had killed her children, murdered her lover.'

And it is truths like these that it is the object of poetry to state and philosophy to endorse.

Far too often writers attempt to combine the two so that their prose style becomes encumbered with a number of vague terms, of 'tortuous ways' and 'windy suspirations', of sailing so close to the wind that they miss Scylla for Charybdis, thus causing their works to lose point. What is needed then is a certain dogmatism : a hippopotamus is an animal, an African quadruped of aquatic habits, whereas a sphinx is a monster from Greek mythology whose head is that of a woman and body that of a lioness ; in themselves anything else is irrelevant to their description, although as symbols they may serve other ends. But such definitions are not always popular and one has to be aware that in attempting to placate everybody there is a danger of satisfying none. Arrival at the truth is always a somewhat ruthless process and often when it is reached it is only through continuous toil*: for to follow the Word is a steep ascent since Bethlehem and Calvary were necessary to redeem man from his sins and not to insure his life with ease, as it is only after 'a painful passage he passeth to a pleasant port.' In the course of it, the pilgrimage may be hard, and the way narrow, but the poets by their intercession and the philosophers by their wisdom can help. In order that the crooked be made straight, cripples to run and the dead be redeemed it is necessary that there should be expiation, so that if the emphasis of this editorial leader has been on poetry rather than on philosophy, it has not been so as to discredit the latter. Instead it has been because the latter follows on to the former, strengthening with reason what the heart already knows ; strengthening, as handmaidens their mistress, the two humanities which are the servants of man, but of God first.

* The toil referred to here is not necessarily physical since for man to follow his reason—and all dogma to be accepted must be rational—is a struggle which requires detachment of mind, the *a priori* requisite to contemplation, from which all activity is engendered.

THE BELL

ROBIN ATTHILL

I

The sea grumbled against the low cliff,
but the church rode out
the tide and the grey wind that fingered
the walls greedily about and about;
serene with pride of pinnacle
and buttressed strength, it watched
the boats that crawled up the long waves
toward the Iceland fish or southward
to the King's aid in the rumours of war;
smiled upon the trim harbour
and the prosperous homes
of merchants in the narrow streets.
Gargoyles on the dizzy tower
leered at the sickle of foam
whose white edge scoured
out the bay, night and day,
night and day.

Prior's brow was lined with anger
and the monks' hoods hid their white fear:
'But, father, he lived in sin,
never came to Mass this year.'

'He died in grace, my sons;
God-given testament makes rich amends;
charity accepts remorse
of conscience at the end.'

'Broad acres he ploughed
are soured with evil living;
we shall reap sour harvests
with misgiving.'

'Rent of his estates rebuilds
our church; on holy days
the great bell he bids us cast
shall speak God's praise.'

'He hated Holy Church, father;
even now would set us at strife.'

'Did not Our Lord's compassion redeem
the dying thief to share His life?'

But the glint of greed filled his eye
and he clutched the parchment roll,
with all its promise of power
temporal and its festered gold:
daydream of mitred effigy
in the new-vaulted choir
where aromatic candles burned
with incense of daylong prayer.

II

Townsman's holiday was to stand and stare,
when the spring sunshine dried the roads
and wagons rumbled the great bell
to the Priory gate, whose wide
welcome gathered all the jostling crowd
in the resonant nave, close-packed
and eager for the full and dedicated peal,
acquiescent in the act of specious pride.

For pride of craftsmanship had cast
all the flamboyance of design
articled in the will that lured
the Prior with the bait of rich champaign:
the mazy pattern of a madman's brain
restless in delirium,
riot of barbarous device
in the graven splendour of bronze.

Treacherously a man's dear sin
curds over the sweetness of his life.

Satan's mark stood sentinel
upon the lip of the unspeaking bell;
loomed from the silence of the windy tower
through airy shadow of fretted vault,
transept and chantry,
aisle and sacristy,
poised in jealousy of the secret fault.
Stifled every tedious conscience
waiting for the peal's magnificence.

But in the cloister panic footsteps jostled
and the moment's terror was alive
with whispered prayer, where the Prior
lay beyond all sovereign skill

and charity of human aid
save murmured prayer ; glazed
eye blind to the ransom of the Cross
and final unction of God's grace ;
only the body in its quiet cell
gripped in the vice of death,
twisted with the suddenness of Hell.

Even so suddenly sin strikes home,
and at the first morning breath
the bell tolled ; and the March dust
swirled about the Priory walls ;
tolled ; and about the massive
church the gulls' cries jangled ;
tolled ; and the fierce spring tide,
whose envy would yet take all,
reared and struck at the low cliff.

III

No new Prior ruled his community
in the rich cloister's ease,
for the King's word of reformation
seized all into the King's fee.

Roof-rent stood the Prior's church
(no sweet singing in the choir) ;
ivy climbed apace, and the wind
tugged restlessly at the tower.

By slow inches the siege of the sea
laid waste the sterile bluff ;
surf-scour crumbled away
the land ; with rough
kiss would rape the bare
beauty of the silent church.

A century of winter storms
outflanked the cliff's salient,
where the sea-wall yawned
open to the imminence of danger ;
choked the harbour of the wasted port
and swept the sand along the desolate
streets, obedient to the wind's anger.

Dark December, and the north-east rage
and surge of the tide leaped
all impediment, with bellow
and thunder lifted

over the derelict quays and crashed
its green tons down ;
with impulse insatiable washed
through the walls of the abandoned town.

Despair cried, ' Ring the bell ! '
and climbed the quivering tower ;
and the brazen clamour spoke
through the blind boisterous night,
until the ninth wave broke
high up against the ruined choir,
shocked and battered the weak masonry,
and in the great darkness the church
crumbled to powder and dust,
lurched hideously on the precarious cliff,
and foundered in the loud lust of the passionate sea.

IV

In the heritage of memory
deep-fathomed lie the lands of Lyonesse
and other kingdoms drowned
in the sea's cold comfortless abyss.

Stand upon the brooding desolation
of the wasted dunes
when the blue summer
mirrors over the bay ;
the idle noonday shimmer
veils the secrets of the untroubled dead,
gives no reply to the posed question.

But when the bleached and wind-picked trees
strain inland from the storm
which tumbles the plovers headlong
into the night-hung gloom,
children, waking to the dark invisible fear,
when the long swell drives in and the spray
drenches the startled windows of their sleep—
longshore fishers hauling
their boats above the tide—
do not these hear
the sea-borne bell's deep tolling
the proud doom of evil masters,
whose only requiem is the wailing
of the wind, and the wave rolling
mournfully over their restless and unhallowed grave.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

Economics as a Magical System

PETER F. DRUCKER

THE influence and reputation of John Maynard Keynes are not explained by his having been a great economist, nor did his importance lie primarily in his economic theories. He was indeed a very great economist, in all likelihood the last of the 'pure' economists of the classical school, at once the legitimate heir and the liquidator of Adam Smith. But he was above all the representative political thinker of the inter-war period; he expressed perfectly its attempt to master what it knew to be a new world by pretending that it was the old one. Keynes' work was built on the realization that the fundamental assumptions of nineteenth century *laissez-faire* economics do no longer hold true in an industrial society and a credit economy. But it aimed at the restoration and preservation of the basic beliefs, the basic institutions of nineteenth century *laissez-faire* politics; above all it aimed at the preservation of the autonomy and automatism of the market. The two could no longer be brought together in a rational system; Keynes' policies are magic-spells, formulæ and incantations, to make the admittedly irrational behave rationally.

Keynes' theoretical analysis of the new social and economic reality is a masterpiece that will endure. His conclusions from this analysis proved wrong, however; the economic policies which gave him his reputation and influence have failed. When he died in 1946 he was apparently at the peak of success and power: the chief financial adviser of his government, a peer of the realm, the almost undisputed master of the schools, especially in America. But his very disciples, while using Keynesian terms, methods and tools, were actually abandoning fast both his economic policies and his aim.

I

Keynes who could write prose of a rare lucidity if he wanted to, chose to present his theories in the most technical and most jargon-ridden language. But his central ideas are quite simple.

Classical economics know neither money nor time as factors in the economic process. Money was the 'universal commodity', the symbol of all other commodities but without any life or effect of its own. It was convenient and necessary but only an accounting unit to keep track of what went on in the economy of 'real' goods and 'real' labour; price was simply the rate at which one commodity could be exchanged against all others. The money of classical economics is very much like the ether of classical physics: it

pervades all and carries all but it has neither properties nor effects of its own. And the classical economist was also very much like the physicist of his age in his concept of time : while everything happens in time, time itself is not a factor in the events themselves. This is no accident ; classical economics were patterned consciously on the model of Newtonian physics, in structure as well as in its basic assumption of a mechanical and static economic universe.

Keynesian theory is based on the assertion—axiomatic in an industrial age—that the economic process is not only in time but largely determined by time ; and the economic expression of the time factor is money. To the classical economist money was the shadow of existing goods. Actually money, especially the bank deposits which are the money of a credit economy, is created and comes into being in anticipation of goods to be produced, of work to be performed. This means that money is not determined mechanically and according to economic rationality, but psychologically and socially on the basis of confidence in the future. Time thus enters into every economic transaction in the form of fixed money obligations for the investments of the past on which the present is based. These money obligations for the past actually are the largest single factor in the economic transactions of every member of an industrial society ; for the cost of everything we use, whether a house, a loaf of bread or a hired man's labour, is made up very largely of the money obligations for the past. Money, instead of being an inert and propertyless expression of economic transactions, influences, moulds, and directs economic life ; changes in the money sphere cause changes in the ' real ' economy. We live at the same time in two closely interwoven but distinct economic systems : the ' real ' economy of the classics—an economy of goods, services and labour, existing in the present and determined mechanically ; and the ' symbol ' economy of money, heavy with the obligations of the past and determined psychologically by our confidence in the future.

It is no belittling of Keynes to say that these insights did not originate with him but were the work of a whole generation of economic thinkers before him, especially of his two countrymen Hawtrey and Withers, of the Swedes Cassel and Wicksell, and of the German Knapp. But Keynes synthesized their isolated observations and thoughts into one system, and he developed a theory of the dynamics of the economic process from them—and it is this theory we usually mean when we talk of Keynesian economics. The assumptions of the classics had made it virtually impossible for them to understand how a depression could ever happen except as a result of physical catastrophes such as an earthquake or the destruction of war. Also, they were entirely unable to explain how a depression could last ; if only left alone it had to correct itself. With the new understanding of the autonomy of the monetary sphere as his starting point, Keynes could give the first adequate theoretical explanation of the vital phenomena of depression and unemployment.

The first answer was Keynes' most famous theory, the theory of over-saving. Any saving is by definition a surplus of productive resources; goods, labour, equipment, over current consumption. For the classics that meant that, unless physically destroyed, any saving must automatically be 'invested', that is, used for future production. This, however, ceases to be true as soon as we bring in money as autonomous, as having an economic reality of its own. Then it becomes possible for savings not to be invested but to become mere money savings—with the productive resources they represent left unused and unemployed. Keynes asserted that the modern economy has an inherent tendency towards over-saving.

Of even greater importance was his explanation of the unemployment of a chronic depression. In the universe of classical economics a long-term depression simply could not happen; before a maladjustment could reach depression proportions it would have been corrected by the infallible and automatic mechanism of falling prices and falling costs. Yet long before 1929 long-term depressions had become far too familiar for their existence to be denied except by the most bigoted academician. Hence, orthodox economics had to engage in a search for the criminal conspiracy that prevented 'natural' adjustment and correction. Price monopolies, unions, government intervention through relief payments, subsidies and tariffs—these and all the other measures by which society aims to protect itself against the social destruction of a depression, became diabolical forces; and the resulting persecution mania of the economists who saw the cloven hoof in the mildest attempt at controlling economic forces, made it very soon impossible to base economic policy on the classical theories—even though these theories themselves were still generally accepted. From 1870 to 1930 economic policy was without proper theoretical basis. The ruling theory could not justify any of the measures actually taken; and as any economic policy that was possible politically was open to condemnation on theoretical grounds, theory furnished no guidance to distinguish between beneficial and destructive policies. Out of social necessity every economist in office had to do things he opposed in his writings; the resulting blend of cynicism and bad conscience finally gave us that evil genius of old-school financial economists, Dr Schacht.

But with money a factor, the automatic and infallible adjustment becomes the exception rather than the rule. In a credit economy prices and wages cannot adjust themselves very readily, they must be comparatively inflexible. For a very large—the largest single—part of all costs is the money obligation for the past. This obligation is unaffected by changes in the present value of money as the goods and services it represents were produced in the past and at past prices and wages. We may add—though this is going beyond Keynes—that prices and wages are also hard to adjust downwards because money has a social meaning, independent largely of its purchasing power; it buys not only goods but prestige. This is

especially true of the lower income levels where the weekly money wage represents a definite social position.

For these reasons, the adjustment in a depression will not, in the modern economy, take the form of lower prices and lower wages. Prices and wages will tend to stay up. Hence the adjustment will take the only form possible : lower employment both of men and of capital equipment. And, unlike the adjustment through lower prices and wages, unemployment not only does not tend to correct the depression, it tends to make the disequilibrium permanent.*

These general theories have been—justly—criticized for their narrow emphasis on the monetary phenomena to the exclusion of everything else. The monetary factor is probably only one of the causes of a depression, though perhaps a central one, rather than, as Keynes asserts, always and everywhere the only cause. But aside from this not unimportant question of emphasis, the Keynesian theories have been nearly universally accepted. And with these basic theories a great many economists also accepted at first his economic policies. But—as most of the disciples have begun to find out—Keynes' economic policies do not follow from his basic theories ; indeed they are hardly compatible with them. His policies were really dictated by his political aim, not by his economic observations. His attempt to bring the two together into one whole, to make the policies emerge as the inevitable conclusion from the theories, may very well explain the tortuous and tortured style of his later writing—his increasing reliance on purely formal arguments, his excessive use of mathematical techniques.

According to Keynes, the economic theorist, the level of business activity is determined by the amount of investment in capital goods which in turn is determined by the confidence which leads businessmen to borrow for expansion. Business activity depends in the last analysis on psychological, that is on economically irrational, factors. According to Keynes, the economic politician, the very confidence which creates credit is, however, itself strictly determined by credit. Keynes offers two answers to the question ' what causes confidence ? ' He asserts that confidence is a function of the interest rate : the lower the rate, the greater the confidence. He also asserts that confidence is a function of consumer spending : the higher consumer purchases,

* Actually, under modern conditions prices will fall, though not as evenly as they should—and with significant exceptions in the capital goods fields. But wage rates will not go down. In the first place the wage earner has usually much less margin between his income and his fixed obligations than the industrialist ; hence the economic factors militate against wage cuts. Secondly the political pressure of organized labour is much more effective in modern society than the economic power even of the strongest monopolist. Hence the maladjustment will not only not be corrected in the ' normal course of events', it will become worse. The point at which new investments become again profitable will recede into the distance. From this follows one of Keynes' most important and, at first sight, most paradoxical conclusions ; that we have to raise prices in a depression in order to obtain the very effect orthodox economics expected to get from falling prices.

the higher the investment in capital goods. In his theories Keynes seems to have wavered between these two answers; politically, it does not make too much difference, however, which explanation is preferred. Both lead to pretty much the same conclusion: the quantity of money or credit available determines the degree of confidence, with it the rate of investment, and thus the level of business activity and of employment. Hence Keynes' monetary panacea for booms and depression: in a boom prevent maladjustment through 'draining off' purchasing power into a budget surplus; in a depression cure maladjustment by creating purchasing power through budget deficits. In either case the quantity of money automatically and infallibly regulates confidence.

Keynes starts out with the statement that human behaviour in economic life is not, as the classic economists assumed, determined by objective economic forces, but that, on the contrary, economic forces are directed, if not determined, by human behaviour. He ends up by asserting as rigid an economic determinism of human behaviour and actions as any Ricardo or Malthus ever proclaimed. With this assertion Keynes' entire economic policy stands and falls. And it is this assertion that was conclusively refuted by the experience of the New Deal. The New Deal—at least from 1935 to 1939—was based on deficit spending which created consumer purchasing power and forced down the level of interest rates. Neither brought about a resumption of investment or a significant cut in unemployment. With the credit pumped into the banks business promptly repaid its old debts instead of borrowing for new investments and the money paid out by the government to the consumers flowed back to the banks almost at once to become 'over-savings'.

The faithful Keynesians have been hard pressed to explain away what happened. Their favourite argument is that political opposition to the New Deal offset the economically created confidence. But this defence is not permissible, let alone convincing. Either confidence can be created by creating credit and purchasing power regardless of the way business or any other group feels about governmental policy, or Keynes' economic policies are wrong. And confidence has been conclusively proved not to be producible by a cheque writing machine.

Most of the disciples of ten years ago have drawn the conclusions from this experience. They are still Keynesians in their theoretical analysis, but no longer in their policies. They continue to express their thoughts in monetary terms but they no longer talk about the interest rate or even about budget deficits or surpluses. Consumer purchasing power and 'confidence' have all but disappeared from their vocabulary. The programme of the most influential group of Keynesian economists in the U.S.A.—as written by Alvin Hansen of Harvard into the original draft of the Full Employment Bill—provided that, in times of depression and unemployment, the government shall *produce* capital goods through public works and

government orders in a quantity sufficient to bring the total capital goods production to a level which gives full employment. Whether this is done with or without a deficit, at a high or at a low interest rate, is of very minor importance ; what matters to the neo-Keynesian of today is not monetary policy but capital goods production. This shift denies both Keynes' economic concepts and his overall political goal.

In fact, this shift even caught up with Keynes himself. Ironically enough, it was the very event which brought him official recognition and honours that reduced to absurdity his theories and policies. In the course of the war, Keynes became the official financial adviser to his government, a director of the Bank of England, a member of the peerage. For the first time his native country officially adopted Keynesian ideas as the basis of its financial policy ; the measures outlined in his little pamphlet, *How to Pay for the War*, were adopted almost unchanged by the British Government. But the war also showed, especially in Britain, that monetary policy is quite subordinate and that, by itself, it achieves nothing. England's war production was obtained not by directing the flow of money, credit and purchasing power, but through physical controls of men, raw materials, plant equipment, and output which could have worked almost as well with a different monetary policy—in Nazi Germany they worked without any monetary policy at all. And now that the war is over, the watchword of English economic policy is not credit, interest rate, or purchasing power, but 'productive efficiency'.

II

In the popular mind Keynes stands for government intervention in business. This may well be a correct evaluation of the ultimate effect of Keynesian economics ; but if so Keynes achieved precisely the opposite of what he intended to achieve. For the one passionate aim of his policies was to make possible an economic system free from government interference, a system determined exclusively by objective and impersonal economic forces. 'The free market is dead, long live the free market', would be a fitting motto for his entire work.

Keynes' basic insight was the realization that the free market of the classical economists fails to adjust itself automatically as predicted because the economic forces of demand and supply, cost and price, are over-ridden by the psychological forces of money and credit. From this basis several conclusions as to economic policy would have been logically possible.

Keynes could have argued that conscious political action had to achieve by breaking through the money wall what the market forces should have achieved by themselves. That would have been an economic policy of direct government intervention into *production* through public works and public orders rather than a policy of credit creation ; and it is precisely what most of the Neo-Keynesians

advocate today. Such a policy would restore the supremacy of the 'real' system but at the price of its political independence.

Keynes might also have arrived in logical development from his premises at a policy in which governmental action is used only to induce private business to build up reservoirs of capital goods production for use in a depression, for instance, through a system of tax rewards for building up reserves in good years to be coupled with stiff tax penalties incurred if these reserves are not used for employment-creating new investments in a depression. He might even have come to the conclusion that the proper policy is psychological rather than economic—propaganda to create confidence; the German economist Knapp, whose ideas had great influence on Keynes, actually gave this answer.

The one conclusion which logically and theoretically it seems impossible to derive from Keynes' premise, is the one he actually did derive. But it was the one and only conclusion which gave Keynes the desired political result: the maintenance of a *laissez-faire* political system in which only objective economic factors determine the economy, and in which man's economic activities are entirely under the control of the individual, not under that of the government.

If the liberal state of nineteenth century *laissez-faire* was a night watchman protecting the peaceful and law-abiding burgher against thieves and disturbers of the peace, Keynes' state was a thermostat protecting the individual citizen against sharp changes in the temperature. And it was to be a fully automatic thermostat. A fall in economic activity would switch on credit, a rise would cut it off again; and in a boom the mechanism would work in reverse. In contrast to the nineteenth century state, Keynes' state was indeed to act positively; but the actions as well as their timing were to be determined strictly by economic statistics, not subject to political manipulation. The only purpose of these actions was to restore the individual's freedom in the economic sphere, that is the freedom from all but economic factors, from all but economic considerations—with 'economic' referring to the 'real' economy of the classics.

The economic system of orthodox economics had been a machine built by the 'divine watchmaker', hence without friction and in perpetual motion and perpetual equilibrium. Keynes' system was a clock, a very good and artful clock, but still one built by a human watchmaker, and thus subject to friction. But the only actions required of the watchmaker were to wind, to oil and, where necessary, to regulate the clock. He was not to run it, he was only to make it fit to run itself; and it was to run according to mechanical laws, not according to political decisions.

Keynes' basic aim of restoring by unorthodox methods the orthodox automatic market system, his basic belief that his methods were objective, non-political and capable of determination by the impersonal yardstick of statistics, show best in his last major work: the

'Keynes Plan' of an international currency and credit system proposed in 1943. This plan projected his policies from the national into the international sphere. It proposed to overcome international depressions and maladjustments by the adjustment of prices and purchasing power through international credit creation. The agency which was to be in control of this international currency and credit was not to be a world government, but an international body of economic statisticians governed by index numbers and almost entirely without discretionary power. The result of this international system and its main justification was to be the restoration of the full freedom and equilibrium in international trade and currency movements.

Critics have rightly pointed out that Keynes was naïve to a degree amazing in such an accomplished and experienced political practitioner, in believing that his system could really be immune to political manipulation. It may be possible to obtain objective statistics. But to be meaningful statistics have to be interpreted by human beings; and interpretations will differ radically with the political beliefs and desires of the interpreter—as witness the 1945 forecast of ten million unemployed in the U.S. before the spring of 1946, made in good faith by government experts interested in setting up a planned economy. Also, even impersonal and objective control is still control; and it is an old political axiom that a government that controls the national income *i.e.* the livelihood of the people, inevitably controls the souls of the people. Keynes' political system in which the state has the power to interfere in the individual's economic activities but refrains from using it, is thus a very different thing from his ideal, the state of nineteenth century liberalism which was without power of interference.

But the decisive criticism of Keynes' argument is not that there are flaws in it, but that it is an irrational argument. It says in brief: we have proved that the factors that control economic activity are economically irrational, *i.e.* psychological factors: *therefore* they themselves must be controllable by an economic mechanism. But this 'therefore' is not of the vocabulary of reason, not even of that of faith, it is the 'therefore' of magic. It is on this very belief that the admittedly irrational can be controlled and directed by mechanical means, that every system of magic is based. The Keynesian 'policies' in spite—or perhaps because—of their elaborate apparatus of mathematical formulae and statistical tables are spells. Because of this the fact that they failed once—in the New Deal—means that they have failed forever. For it is of the nature of a spell that it ceases altogether to be effective as soon as it is broken once.

But it was precisely its irrationality that made Keynes' policy so convincing to the generation of the long armistice. After the last war the Western world suddenly awakened to the realization that the basic nineteenth century assumptions no longer applied. But it refused to face the necessity of new thought and decision. The timid

pulled the featherbed of normalcy over their eyes and ears to sleep on a little longer. The courageous accepted the new situation but attempted to avoid facing it by finding a formula, a mechanical gadget, a spell in other words, which would make the new behave as if it were the old. One example would be the labour policy of the New Deal. It started with the realization that social and political relationships, rather than the purely economic nexus of the 'pay check', are the essence of modern industry. But it concluded that the mechanical device of ' equal bargaining power ' on economic issues would do the trick. Another example is in the field of international relations. Here the first World War had clearly shown that peace cannot be based on the concept of equal sovereign states whose internal and external policies are nobody's business but their own. The answer was a strictly mechanical formula, the League of Nations, which represented nothing but the equal sovereign states in their fullest equality and sovereignty, which was neither a super-government nor a super-court, not even an alliance of the Great Powers, but which was expected, in some magical way, to overcome sovereignty.

We can trace this desire for a mechanical formula to make the new function like the old, to make what was irrational on the old assumptions again behave rationally, into fields far removed from politics. It explains, for instance, the tremendous appeal of Freudian pyscho-analysis as a cure-all. Freud had had the insight to see the fallacy of traditional, mechanist psychology—the same psychology on which the classical economists had based themselves, incidentally. He realized that man is not a bundle of mechanical reflexes and reactions but a personality. But he avoided facing the problem—a philosophical or religious one—by asserting that this personality is determined biologically, that it operates through the grossly mechanical forces of repression and sublimation, and that it can be controlled by the mechanical technique of analysts.

But the area in which the desire for a magical system was greatest was that of politics. And in the political field Keynes' economic policy was the most accomplished, the most brilliant, the most elegant attempt to make the impossible again possible, the irrational again rational.

III

In the field of economic thought, Keynes was both a beginning and an end. He showed that classic economics no longer apply and why. He showed that economic theory has to give an answer to a new problem : the impact of man, acting as a human being and not as an economic machine, upon the economy. But he contributed little or nothing to the solution of these new problems ; he himself never went beyond the classic methods and the classic analysis. Indeed it may be said that he held back economic thought. Before

he came to dominate the scene we had made promising beginnings towards an understanding of the human factor in economic life in such books as Knight's *Risk, Uncertainty and Profit*, and Schumpeter's *Theory of Economic Dynamics*, both written before the last war; and at the Harvard Business School Elton Mayo had begun his pioneering studies of the relationship between worker and production. Keynes' influence, his magnetic attraction on young men in the field, made theoretical economics again focus on the mechanical equilibrium and on a mechanical concept of economic man determined by impersonal and purely quantitative forces.

Keynes' main legacy is in the field of economic policy. He has formulated our tasks here—even the term 'full employment' is his. But his only contribution to a solution—by no means an unimportant one—was to show us which way we cannot go; we cannot, as he did, assert that economic policy is possible without a political decision. We may decide either that the state has to assume direct economic control of production—the decision of most of the Neo-Keynesians. This decision raises the question how political freedom can be maintained in such a state. It also brings up the equally difficult question what the state is to produce and who is to decide on it; so far no state, whether capitalist, fascist, or socialist, has been able to overcome unemployment by direct government intervention except through producing armaments and armament plants, that is, through a war economy.

Or we can decide that the state has to create by political means the conditions in which a free-enterprise economy will itself prevent and overcome depressions. Such a policy is not impossible to devise on paper. We would need a fiscal policy that recognizes that industrial production extends over the business cycle, rather than one based on the fiction of the annual profit. We would need a policy of definite encouragement of new ventures and of capital investment in bad years. And we would need a labour policy which, while restoring the flexibility of wages through tying them in with productive efficiency and with business profits, gives security through such employment guarantees as an annual wage. But all this raises the question how such policies, which demand of all groups that they subordinate their short-term interests to the long-term good of the whole, can be realized in a popular government based on sectional groups and subject to their constant pressure.

But Keynes himself cannot help us to make these decisions, nor to answer these questions.

THE ANATOMY OF JUDGMENT

D. J. B. HAWKINS

I

THOSE of us who have convictions and endeavour to give a rational account of them are more and more often faced with the difficulty not only of making others perceive the force of our reasoning but of persuading them that there can be any force in reasoning at all. The scepticism which, a generation or two ago, was the prerogative of the superior person, has now become the prevalent mood of the educated public. The word *mood* is used advisedly. Scepticism is not an intellectual system, but an emotive attitude of mind. The stock refutation of scepticism as a system, which depends upon pointing out that the assertion of the sceptical principle is itself an act of dogmatism, is theoretically entirely valid and practically entirely useless. No one, surely, has ever wanted to erect complete scepticism into a system, but it remains true that there have been many, and more than ever today, who cannot bring themselves to believe that thinking gets them anywhere.

The origins of this typical contemporary state of mind have been sufficiently explored to need no more than a brief recall. If the claims of reason are to be accepted without demur, it is not necessary that the climate of opinion should be one of rigid unanimity, for human minds are all limited and all have different limitations ; since they have different interests and approach questions in a different way, it is natural and healthy that there should be differences of opinion in detail. Nevertheless, if it is to be manifest that reason has an objective and impersonal validity, there ought to be a certain unanimity about fundamentals. This unanimity about fundamentals, together with a healthy spirit of controversy about details, was admirably verified in the great age of mediaeval thought, but it has not been verified in modern times. When philosophy turned from metaphysics to the problems of knowledge, a succession of acute thinkers arrived at such divergent and such paradoxical results that philosophers have eventually begun to look upon definite affirmation as a sign of naïvety.

Meanwhile there were great advances in the physical sciences by means of their characteristic methods of observation, induction and hypothesis, and it began to seem that the investigation of the physical world was a more likely source of genuine knowledge than pure thinking and philosophy. But the scope of scientific method is one of probability and approximation rather than of irreformable certainty. It is not so remarkable, therefore, that an impression should have been produced that it is wiser to refrain from dogmatic

assertion and to content oneself with a few gentle and more or less probable opinions.

The typical modern man, therefore, has lost the confidence to make definite affirmations as the result of his own personal thinking. If there were anything which he could accept as a criterion of certainty, it would be general agreement. This common view, held explicitly or implicitly, that only what is generally agreed is certain, seems to have been first impressed upon the public mind by the great and malign influence of Voltaire. There is no sect of Newtonians, Voltaire liked to say, for in science we are all Newtonians, whereas the schools of philosophy and theology have always disputed and will dispute forever. What he would have said at a period when the conservative physicists who stuck to Newton were quarrelling with the new views of Einstein and his like, is not clear. In any case we might pertinently inquire how many persons have to be taken into consideration before there can be said to be general agreement, and we might point out that the criterion is circular and does not permit anyone to begin by making the first assertion. But it is useless to flog a dead horse ; this is not a proposed philosophical criterion of certainty but a popular habit of mind, and there can be no doubt that it is commonly thought that what is generally agreed may be described as more or less certain, while everything else is a matter of opinion. This, of course, leaves outside the sphere of possible certainty nearly everything about which it is most important for us to make up our minds.

We are, then, living in an age of intellectual scruples as well as of unscrupulous practice, and the two aspects are not altogether unrelated. For there are not a few who welcome theoretical uncertainty ; after all, by what might be regarded as an unexpected application of the moral doctrine of probabilism, if all is uncertain every opinion is probable, and you may legitimately do what you like. Those who were originally responsible for this state of the public mind cannot be acquitted of having foreseen this gratifying consequence, but there are others of a finer sort who genuinely suffer from intellectual scruples and for whom they are a source of impotence and anguish. At other and more confident periods the philosopher, more aware than his fellows of the difficulties of knowledge, might have felt himself called upon to urge a greater degree of critical inquiry. No such exhortation is needed today in the realm of theory. When the majority of philosophers have succumbed to the current tendency and are triumphantly proclaiming their inability to assert almost anything at all, we must rather try to show our contemporaries that truth and certainty are not so hopelessly out of reach as they are inclined to suppose.

In early attempts which were made to cope with this difficulty it was sometimes suggested that the patient should begin by acknowledging some fine large abstract truths which included the power of the mind to attain truth itself. This seems altogether too potent for

a preliminary dose. St. Thomas Aquinas, although he had not to deal with this state of mind, was in anticipation very much more judicious. In the most celebrated passage of the *De Veritate* he says that the intellect reaches an explicit knowledge of truth by means of a reflection upon a specific instance of its own activity. This is a reflection which is not confined to a purely psychological consideration of mental activity for its own sake but takes into account the relation of thinking to the real. In its awareness of this relation the intellect becomes aware of the real nature of its activity and, consequently, of the nature of the active principle which is the intellect itself, which is essentially such as to be conformed with the real.*

This is neither the unmotivated assertion of an abstract principle nor a line of reasoning; it is a reflective analysis of the cognitive situation. Such an analysis is what is required for an explicit recognition of the possibility of truth and certainty, and we want to indicate it here in broad outline. We shall not be concerned with mere erudition or with subtleties of secondary moment, but shall try to state platitudes, or rather what ought to be platitudes, as clearly as possible. The clear statement of platitudes is at least as much a part of philosophy as the development of paradoxes.

II

We must begin, however, by drawing attention to a distinction which is not always emphasized by logicians. This is the distinction between the act of judgment and its content, the proposition of thought, which is distinct once again from the verbal proposition or statement. The immense prestige which Aristotle rightly enjoys as the creator of formal logic brought it about that his successors have reproduced even his occasional vagueness. Aristotle talks about the judgment and about the statement, but he does not explicitly consider the proposition of thought, although his logic evidently calls for such a discrimination.

There can be no doubt that the distinction has to be made. For what is it that we assert when we make an assertion? We do not strictly assert a fact. Facts are just there, and do not need our assertion. Moreover, when we make a mistaken judgment, we are still asserting something, even though the facts are not as we assert them to be. The judgment is not what we assert but the assertion of it. Hence we must discriminate between the act of judgment, which is the act of asserting, and the content of judgment, which is strictly what is asserted. It is this actual or possible content of judgment which we describe as the proposition of thought.

When we speak of a proposition, we shall mean a proposition of

*' Veritas . . . cognoscitur . . . ab intellectu secundum quod intellectus reflectitur supra actum suum, non solum secundum quod cognoscit actum suum sed secundum quod cognoscit proportionem eius ad rem: quod quidem cognosci non potest nisi cognita natura ipsius actus; quae cognosci non potest nisi cognoscatur natura principii activi quod est ipse intellectus, in cuius natura est ut rebus conformetur.'—St Thomas Aquinas: *De Veritate*, qu. 1, art. ix.

thought, reserving for the verbal proposition the name of statement. A statement is the symbolic expression of a proposition, but it is quite irrelevant to the truth or falsity of a proposition whether it be symbolically expressed or not. It has been strangely doubted, even by writers of some repute, whether there be a genuine distinction between a proposition and a statement, and whether thought may occur without the aid of words or other symbols. It is a commonplace, of course, that we normally think with the aid of symbols, but it should be no less a commonplace that thought is not identical with the symbols by which it is expressed. Those who cast doubt upon the distinction must be singularly fortunate if their words follow their thoughts with such instantaneous readiness that they fail to notice it, and if they have never had the experience of thinking something quite clearly while for a considerable time being unable to express it accurately. The stammering of the unpractised orator is often, no doubt, the result of a failure of thought, but it is equally often the result of a mere failure of words. Similarly, those who write on any difficult subject have to stammer what they write, and not seldom the final result is still a stammering ; most philosophers would have in shame to retire from business if they were not persuaded that they can at least sometimes see more clearly than they can express themselves.

It is, then, a rather crude error of some modern logicians to identify the proposition of thought with the statement and to suppose that logic is merely a matter of symbols. Having noticed this, we may return to the distinction between the judgment and the proposition. This is essential to our purposes, for a consideration of the proposition gives rise to the problem of truth, while a consideration of the judgment gives rise to the problem of certainty. Propositions are true or false, but judgments would be better described as correct or mistaken and may be psychologically characterized either by certainty or by varying degrees of doubt. We shall first deal with the proposition and the problem of truth, and then reintegrate the proposition in its psychological context by discussing the judgment and the problem of certainty.

III

The notion of truth in the abstract is not hard to find. It was already expressed by Plato in the *Sophist*, although in terms of statements rather than of propositions, when he said that a true sentence states facts as they are, while a false sentence states what is other than the facts or speaks of what is not as if it were.* This analysis has been restated in many forms ever since. Thought is true when it corresponds with fact and false when it does not so correspond.

With the correspondence theory of truth is often contrasted what is called the coherence theory. Nevertheless it may be doubted whether

* Plato : *Sophist*, 263B.

there really is a coherence theory of truth. It may be doubted, that is, whether anyone has really wanted to assert that the truth of a thought literally means its coherence with other thoughts. What is called the coherence theory is rather a criterion of truth. There is, of course, a coherence criterion of truth, which we employ whenever we reason; we affirm a conclusion with certainty or probability on account of its complete or partial cohesion with the premisses.

Now if, on some idealistic principle, we despair of ascertaining correspondence with fact, we are left simply with the criterion of coherence, and there is a temptation, to which some philosophers have succumbed, to erect this into a definition of truth. In this case, however, it would be fairer and less misleading to say that absolute truth is unattainable but that the coherence of ideas lends to a coherent system a certain degree of probability. This, by the way, could hardly be a very high probability; the otherwise rather purposeless researches of contemporary logicians into the nature of abstract symbolic systems have at least shown that an elaborate and consistent system may be constructed without even claiming to be applicable to anything.

The classical idealistic systems have indeed made considerably more definite claims. Even when it has been held that nothing exists except ideas, it has generally been supposed that there is one comprehensive system of ideas or ideal unity which is completely true; the individual thinker can still be accused of falling into error if his system of ideas does not correspond with this. Only the solipsist perhaps, is left with the pure criterion of coherence, but, since his principles forbid him to listen to us, we shall refrain from addressing him.

What we mean by truth, then, is correspondence of thought with fact. The significance of this formula becomes more precise when we ask ourselves why we say that only propositions, and not concepts, are true or false. *The cat is black* may be either true or false, but *cat* is neither true nor false. When this venerable discrimination is first presented to the inquiring mind, it sometimes awakens a certain amount of dubiety. Why should *cat* not be true? Surely the notion of *cat* corresponds with any and every cat. Therefore it might seem that we should hold the notion of *cat*, in common with all other verified notions, to be not only true but necessarily true.

The answer to this elementary puzzle is often made in a way which introduces another puzzle. When you simply say *cat*, runs the reply, there is nothing with which *cat* may agree; it is only when you say something like *The cat is black* that the question arises whether blackness can be attributed to the cat. A proposition consists of a subject and a predicate; it is true if the predicate agrees or is identical with the subject, but false if there is no such agreement or identity. Where there is not the complexity due to the distinction of subject and predicate, there is no question of agreement or identity, and there is consequently no question of truth.

This, however, might suggest that the correspondence in which

truth consists was no longer a correspondence between thought and fact but a correspondence between thoughts and, indeed, that the correspondence theory had given way to a mere criterion of coherence. Much learned discussion in the past has centred round the kind of identity which subsists between the subject and predicate of a proposition, but, when the matter is pressed, a reasonable answer does not seem to amount to much. If we may revert to our previous example, it cannot be held, even when we have a black cat, that blackness is identical with felinity; it would be no less absurd to suggest that the blackness of this cat is literally identical with his felinity. All that can be maintained is that there is an identical somewhat which is both a cat and black. This is true but not very helpful, for the agreement between *cat* and *black* no longer serves to explain the truth of the original proposition.

But let us look again. What has really happened is that our original two-termed relation between *cat* and *black* has been transformed into a triangular relation between *cat*, *black* and the somewhat which is both a cat and black. This complexity, however, can be resolved, for we now see that we have implicitly been asserting two propositions. We have been affirming that *This is a cat* and that *This is black*. The correspondence which verifies either of these more primitive propositions is a genuine correspondence between thought and fact; it is a correspondence of the conceptual content which is expressed respectively by *cat* and by *black* with the individual existent to which this is attributed.

Although this is applicable in the most straightforward way to singular propositions, it cannot be held even of general propositions that they are no more than cases of agreement between thoughts. In so far as they are assertions, they involve a correspondence of thought with fact, but the immediate facts are themselves thoughts. A general proposition affirms a relationship between two unasserted or merely hypothetical propositions, but, if the affirmation is justified, this relationship is a fact to the mind which affirms it. *All men are mortal* means that, if anything is a man, this is mortal. While it is not affirmed in virtue of this general proposition that men or mortal things exist, it is affirmed that the relationship of human nature with liability to death presents itself to the mind as a fact, and the general proposition corresponds directly with the factual relationship of the hypothetical propositions which it presupposes, although only at one remove with any concrete facts which may verify them.

Now we can ask ourselves what we mean by a mere concept as opposed to a proposition. The customary order of formal logic might persuade us that we first have concepts, then combine them into propositions, and finally, by a collocation of propositions, explode into reasoning. It is no reproach to logicians that they follow this order; they are entitled to follow any order which they find convenient. But it is a reproach to our understanding of logic if we suppose this to be the genuine psychological order. For knowledge

is an awareness of something; and an awareness of anything by thought is a judgment; and a judgment is the affirmation of a proposition. We must recognize that in the living development of mind, and in the consideration of the problem of truth, not concepts but propositions are primary.

Some contemporary logical terminology may here be utilized with advantage. For what is generally called a universal concept has often in our own day been described as a propositional function. The notion of *cat* is assimilated to the proposition that *X is a cat*, except that no value is assigned to X. This helps to bring home the important truth that a mere concept is not so much an element to be included in a proposition as an amputated proposition; it is derived from a proposition by omitting the reference to fact. It is not a difference between conceptual simplicity and conceptual complexity which distinguishes a mere concept from a proposition but the absence or presence of reference to fact.

This absence of reference of fact is, of course, the reason why concepts are neither true nor false. Conversely, we see that the correspondence in which truth consists is no fortuitous or external correspondence of fact with thought. The proposition is of its intrinsic nature referred to fact, and, when we perceive a proposition to be true, we are just as much in mental continuity, direct or inferential, with the fact which makes it true as we are in mental contact with the proposition itself which is the content of our thought. This, however, carries us beyond the logical discussion of truth in the abstract to a consideration of our knowledge of truth. We must now make another and more psychological approach to the same point by inquiring into the notion of certainty.

IV

While every proposition is, to alter the term a little, a proposal of a reference to fact, this reference to fact does not necessarily command the allegiance of the mind. Propositions do not exist only in minds which affirm them; they exist equally in minds which have all sorts of other attitudes towards them. It may be that I simply entertain a proposition without affirming or denying it, or even taking any interest in whether it be true or not. If you tell me that such a horse will win the Derby, I understand what you say, and therefore my mind contains the proposition which you have communicated to me. But I am not a racing man and, since I have no intention of making a bet, I am not really interested in knowing which horse will win. Moreover, I have in previous years heard so many horses recommended, which, nevertheless, were later recorded as having also run, that the mere fact that you now recommend this particular horse cannot be said even to lend probability to the proposition that it will win the race. I simply entertain your proposition; I understand what you say, but I have no inclination either to affirm or to deny it, or even to pursue the matter any further.

The simple entertainment of a proposition is a state of purely passive doubt; it may be observed that the dilettante habit of mind can be defined as deriving its satisfaction from the simple entertainment of propositions whose truth or falsity is important. Active doubt means that I want to know whether the proposition be true or false. Even so I may be in a state of mere doubt if I can find no more reason to affirm than to deny. Opinion begins when, on a comparison of probabilities, I decide that there is more reason to affirm some proposition than to deny it or more reason to deny it than to affirm it. Your statement that this horse will win the Derby is probably an expression of opinion; I should not like to believe that you were rash enough to be certain of it.

It may be, however, that you do tell me that it is certain to win; it may be that you really believe this. It seems to me extraordinary, in view of all the money that has been lost on such certainties in the past, that you can have such a feeling of assurance, but I cannot deny that you may have this feeling. There is nothing more extraordinary than some of the passionate convictions of others, or some of the passionate convictions of which we read in history. Yet it is no longer merely extraordinary but may become disquieting when I ask myself what right I have to prefer my convictions to yours. However strongly I feel that I am right, there are others who feel at least equally strongly that I am wrong.

What is this feeling of certainty of which we have been speaking? It might seem creditably tough-minded to offer an interpretation purely in terms of behaviour. You are certain of something when you behave without hesitation as if this were so; this would, of course, include verbal behaviour as well as other kinds of activity. Yet we often act unhesitatingly even when we should not claim to feel certain; we have no scruples in going to catch a train at a definite time even though we are well aware that some accident may prevent it from running. In any case certainty cannot be said to *mean* the corresponding behaviour. For there is an introspectible attitude of mind, which, when we are really certain, gives rise to the behaviour; this is the state of complete satisfaction with and attachment to a proposition. This attitude of undoubting affirmation we shall continue to call, for want of a better word, the *feeling* of certainty.

There can be no doubt whatever that others have this feeling about propositions which seem to us to be false or even absurd. It is true that people are not always really asserting what they appear to assert. What seems to be the assertion of an absurdity may in fact be no more than the confident enunciation of an habitual form of words, behind which lurks some quite different and harmless proposition, or which may turn out to have no definite meaning at all. This, as we all know, is an extremely common occurrence in philosophical, theological, political and æsthetic discussion. To insist upon defining terms before beginning an argument is not, of course, a road to social success, but it does help to avoid wasting time in arguing at cross purposes.

Moreover, vehemence of asseveration is not always a sign of a genuine feeling of certainty. When such vehemence is associated with refusal to give or even look for reasons, we can judge with a fair degree of assurance that it is a form of bluff intended to mask the lack of certainty. When people are genuinely certain, they believe at any rate that they have reasons and do not mind trying to produce them.

Finally, there is a kind of taking for granted which does not involve a feeling of certainty. This occurs when someone affirms a proposition which could not be true unless some other proposition were true, but this latter proposition remains unexamined and, consequently, unaffirmed. It may be that it is an absurdity, and that the argument against the former proposition takes the form of pointing out both that it entails the latter and that the latter is absurd. This does not, however, involve supposing that anyone has entertained and asserted the absurdity.

Yet, when all alleviations have been admitted, it remains true that there have been and are plenty of violently opposed feelings of certainty. Hence it is evident that we cannot by merely inspecting our feelings discover where we are justified in feeling certainty. Any theory of knowledge, indeed, which lays an independent emphasis on feelings of certainty is misleading. Here is the main defect of Newman's analysis of assent, for Newman never distinguished clearly enough between the ways in which we may come to know things and the ways in which we may come to have feelings of conviction about them. It seems almost as if he could not acknowledge that he knew anything until he had a passionate feeling of conviction about it.

We begin at the right end when we ask whether we have knowledge and how we know that we have knowledge. Confident belief is perfectly compatible with error, and, although knowledge naturally tends to evoke confident belief, it may in some types of mind and from time to time be in conflict with feelings of hesitation and anxiety. It is precisely because so many modern men are preoccupied with their own feelings at the expense of the objective facts that they oscillate between emotive conviction and despairing doubt. Our emphasis, therefore, must be on the nature and existence of knowledge.

V

With the notion of knowledge we have come back to the theme of continuity of mind with fact. For, in order that I may be said to know anything, it is evidently not enough that I should affirm a proposition absolutely and that this proposition should be true. If, because I suffer from morbid anxiety, I say that I shall certainly find the house burgled when I return, and this turns out to be true, it was not an instance of knowledge, for I had no evidence to justify such an absolute affirmation. I am in possession of knowledge when I affirm absolutely a proposition which is not only true but, directly or indirectly, evident to me.

This means, that when I know, my thinking is in continuity,

mediate or immediate, with the fact which I affirm. There is in this respect all the difference in the world between knowledge and opinion. In the case of probable opinion what I know is evidence for a proposition, but that for which I have the evidence remains a mere proposition, although probabilified by the evidence to this or that degree. With knowledge, even if it be not immediate but inferential, what I know is not simply a proposition but a fact, presented to me through the evidence but with the same logical force as what I know immediately is presented. That is why some logicians have said that all knowledge has a certain immediacy. The formula is to be avoided, because it would seem to compromise the genuine distinction between direct and inferential knowledge. Nevertheless, while we uphold the distinction between direct and inferential knowledge, we must equally recognize that the distinction between what is known upon demonstrative evidence and what is opined upon probable evidence is not merely a difference of more and less, of the degree of solidarity between premisses and conclusion; it is a difference between a presented fact and a more or less acceptable logical construction. All knowledge, whether direct or inferential, shares in the character of being a presentment of fact, and in this it differs from any merely probable opinion. In all knowledge there is continuity of mind with fact.

A word must be added about the distinction which is often made, explicitly or implicitly, between knowledge *of* and knowledge *that*. Knowledge of a thing is contrasted with knowledge that something is so. This distinction has been the often unrecognized source of much ambiguity in philosophical discussion. It has been supposed that sensation is knowledge *of* and that judgment is knowledge *that*. Hence they tend to be rival claimants, and, while empiricists are suspicious of intellectual knowledge on the ground that it is at one remove from plain fact, metaphysical idealists are found in opposition to extol pure understanding with little or no regard to the crude deliverances of sense. In reality, knowledge of a thing, if it is knowledge in the full sense, is knowledge *that* this thing exists. While the external senses provide us with a structural reflection of the material world, this is knowledge only analogously, although the data of the senses are altogether real in their own right; knowledge in the full sense begins with the awareness of sensation, which is a judgment that this sensation exists or, more accurately, that I am having this sensation. Hence the distinction between knowledge *of* and knowledge *that*, if it is supposed to be irreducible, is erroneous and may here be neglected.

The real proof of our possessing knowledge in general resides, of course, in the bits of knowledge which we can recognize ourselves to possess. But, if an *argumentum ad hominem* be required, it is provided by the fact that we at least have probable opinions. Unless we had knowledge, we could not have rational opinions. For an opinion is the affirmation of a probability, and, in order to affirm a probability,

we must both know the evidence and know that this evidence probabilifies the conclusion. Even if the first evidence that we produced was merely probable, this would have to be probable upon other evidence which was known fact. In no case can probabilities subsist by themselves ; a probability is always a probability upon evidence, and the ultimate evidence must always be known fact.

At this point an imaginary objector steps in and, admitting that he must know something, asks whether he can ever really know that he knows it. The description of objective certainty as knowing that you know something would be colloquially acceptable, but it has been another source of unnecessary philosophical ambiguity. It has often been supposed that you first know something, and then, by an act of reflection, know that you know it, and by a further act know that you know that you know it, and so on *ad infinitum*. In a still more portentous way it has been contended that there is an infinite series of potential Egos, each Ego judging the Ego immediately before it in the scale. Fortunately this alleged complication is pure nonsense. It is based upon the simple error of supposing that mind is external to itself in the same way as a material object is external to mind and has to be brought into union with it. The opposed simple truth is that thought is of its nature not opaque to itself. In the very act of knowing you know that you know, and the knowledge that you know is not distinct from the knowledge of what you know.

Therefore knowledge and objective certainty are one. Should we then say that to speak of objective certainty is to use a phrase which misleadingly combines the subjective and the objective? No, because, when we speak of objective certainty, we are emphasizing the intellectual satisfaction which accompanies knowledge. Certainty in general is a state of complete satisfaction with and attachment to a proposition. This state may arise from many causes, and, in the case of a purely subjective and mistaken certainty, it arises from causes which are not intellectual but emotive. Objective certainty is the satisfaction which arises from knowledge, and, consequently, the experience as a whole, including the activity of knowing, is introspectibly different from purely subjective certainty.

This experience has often been compared with seeing ; it might also be compared with digesting. In thinking or reading a book or listening to what someone says, we often have, even before adverting to what precise knowledge we are acquiring or how precisely we are acquiring it, an experience that the mind is assimilating genuine nourishment. Alternatively, we often have the opposite experience that, although the speech or writing is perhaps brilliant and entertaining, there is really nothing in it. When the firework display is over, we are just as we were before ; the mind has found nothing to assimilate and make its own. There is, therefore, an experience of intellectual assimilation and satisfaction which can properly be described as the acquisition and possession of objective certainty and is contrasted with a certainty which is purely emotive and subjective.

VI

We have so far treated the formula about knowing that you know in a rather cavalier manner. We must now make amends to it, for although it is not a precise description, it does suggest a genuine distinction between direct and reflective certainty. The precise distinction is not between knowing and knowing that you know, but between knowing and knowing how you know. To be reflectively certain is to be aware of the evidence as such. It may be either that you are aware that the proposition which you affirm is immediately evident or that you are aware of the premisses and of their demonstrative connection with the proposition which you affirm.

It is here that conflict may arise between genuine certainty and subsequent feelings of doubt and hesitation. Is it really true that this is immediately evident? Are these premisses irrefragable, and do they really entail the proposed conclusion? The turning of the mind from direct apprehension to analysis may obscure the initial evidence, and a man may forget what he is sure about in wondering whether he is really sure. Hence where direct certainty precedes analytic thinking, the mind has to maintain a careful proportion in its reflection, neither losing sight of the original awareness nor overlooking the legitimate demands of critical thinking.

Nevertheless, when it is a question of something whose evidence is in itself, whether it be the existence of an object of direct acquaintance or an abstract principle which is immediately evident, there is comparatively little difficulty in arriving at reflective certainty. Nor is there much greater difficulty when a truth is the conclusion of a simple demonstrative deduction. If we become hazy about why we accept some geometrical theorem, we can always inspect the proof; the same applies, although in a more rarefied atmosphere, to a thesis in metaphysics. But there may be a real difficulty in arriving at reflective certainty when we are considering the conclusion of a body of convergent evidence, the whole of which is never simultaneously in mind. This is the problem which Newman expounded rather than solved in the *Grammar of Assent*, but his is the credit of having been the first to expound it adequately.

It is an important problem, because it concerns nearly all our beliefs about particular existents other than the objects of direct acquaintance. Some, of course, would say that in this sphere we can never transcend probability, although in many cases the probability is very close to certainty. But it is surely unreasonable to hold that, for those of us who never saw Queen Victoria and have never met Stalin, the existence of Stalin in the present and of Queen Victoria in the past is merely a matter of probability, however high this probability may be rated. Whatever the abstract analysis of this kind of knowledge may be, we have in such cases that experience of presented fact which is a sign of genuine certainty. Although the historical sciences are, no doubt, mainly fields of probability, they are not exclusively so; there are some hard historical facts. In such cases

let us suggest for the moment that, although we certainly cannot recall all the evidence in detail, we can recall the kind of evidence which we have, and through that general recall it acts cumulatively upon the mind with a force which enables us to perceive that it is demonstrative. It may be that the simple kind of entailment which is usually considered by logicians is only a limiting case of a type of implicative connection in which the antecedent may have any degree of complexity.

It is when we make a reflective analysis of our genuine certainties that the natural orientation of thinking to truth becomes apparent. We perceive that knowledge and error are not distinguished simply as thinking which happens to be successful and thinking which happens to be unsuccessful. Error is not merely unsuccessful thinking, nor is it literally bad thinking, for genuine thinking is never bad ; positive error is always the result of an extraneous interference with thinking. Much of what we call error is, of course, simply negative error or ignorance ; it is an honest opinion based on the evidence available to the person holding it, but this evidence is in fact inadequate. Positive error, however, which is the unqualified affirmation of what is false, can be due only to a factor other than intellectual.

The amount of thinking absolutely required for error is what is involved in the entertainment of a proposition ; after that, error occurs because thinking is inhibited at some stage of the process. People sometimes tell you with a curious pride that they have emotive convictions on this subject or that ; this is curious, because emotive conviction serves as an admirable brief definition of error. To have recommended the reasons of the heart, of which reason is ignorant, may perhaps show only how limited was Pascal's conception of reason, but, if it is to be taken literally, it remains the greatest blot upon his name. Wishful thinking has, after all, passed into common speech as a source of error. Maybe logicians, in classifying fallacies, would not go too far outside their subject and would be more enlightening if they classified them in accordance with the kinds of emotion or passion, as the older philosophers called it, which chiefly bring error about. Straightforward desire and tortuous fear, incorrigible pride and unmanly indolence, would all have to be taken into account.

We must not, however, give the impression that a Stoic apathy is the essential characteristic of a genuine thinker. There is, after all, a specific emotion which is the love of truth, the desire to know what is, whatever this may be and whatever the consequences of knowing it may be, and there is a specific satisfaction which is the fulfilment of the intellect in the possession of truth. No profound thinking was ever done without the love of truth, and even thinking which lacks material for a satisfactory answer has, if it is informed by the love of truth, an appeal which perfunctory rectitude forever lacks. That is why the fundamental maxim for thinking is to have a passionate love of truth and, therefore, to think dispassionately.

We have finished our discursive commentary and will return to the sense of the quotation from the *De Veritate* with which we began. We wanted to say that, in order to know the nature and power of thought, we have to reflect upon some particular instance of knowledge. When we know something, we find that we are asserting a proposition which is true because it corresponds with fact, whether with a particular fact or with a relation between general aspects of fact. We know it because we are in mental continuity, direct or inferential, with the fact with which it corresponds. We have not only the feeling of certainty, which may be of purely emotive origin, but the specific experience of intellectual satisfaction. Thus we see what the possession of truth is, and thus we see that we can possess truth and that it belongs to the nature of the mind, when not perverted by unruly emotion, to be conformed with fact. When we have this experience of presented fact, we know that even if we were alone in our assertion, we should be judging rightly. However small our knowledge may be, being is essentially knowable and thought is directed towards what is.

NOTE.—This article was originally delivered as a lecture to the Aquinas Society, London, on December 11th, 1946.

PROSERPINE

So take and twine,
My Proserpine,
    The uncomplaining lily,
Pale fleur de lis and arum.
Most gravest harum-scarum,
    So plunder willy nilly
Upon this un-Sicilian hill
The saffron-silver daffodil.

R. J. CHARLESTON

COURT OF JUSTICE

How devastingly incongruous
With this conscious, formulated place
Would be the innocent holy chaos
Of some child's incalculable face !

Therefore my lord the Judge, being wise,
Looks not too closely in the prisoner's eyes
Lest—deep, forgotten, in half-dark—
A child should lurk.

FRANCES BELLERBY

DO NOT LOOK IN THE GLASS

The glass's mute remonstrance
Arrests or slides from the glance,
Impinging, a bell, on the real :
Or like a bell unheard, invisibly comments
On the self-centred scene, on all
It saw and will not re-enact ; invents
Nothing, imposing its artifice
Between the image and what is.

Rears clear this frozen anguish
To break the flight of bird or wish :
Desire and itself confronted
Are held at inaccessible remove,
Broken past, unshapen future haunted
By an inviolate present, empty of motive,
Whose very emptiness exerts
An impulse stranger to the heart's.

The still song running in the shell,
The echo, the mirror, the bell
Pull the sense to where it pauses
Over its own edge. Time and space contract,
The island begins to shrink, mapped
By the nervous confines it exposes :
And all directions, halted, swerve
Inland from the undercrawling wave.

DAVID PAUL

THE MASTER OF THE SENSES

A Psychological Study of Keats

W. P. WITCUTT

AN extravert is one whose attention is turned, not to the inward things of his own soul, but to outward objects. Keats was an extravert; he was outward-turned. Even his imagination, in which he so delighted, and which, through the medium of his poetry, delights us, was generally but a recapitulation of the things he had seen, or read about in books.

An extravert whose dominant function is sensation lives chiefly by the senses. He has, in Jung's words, 'a pronounced sensuous hold to the object'; sensation to him is 'the most potent vital instinct'.* He is attracted by the object, its colour and glitter, the harmonious proportion of its parts, its beauty in fact. Objects do not have over him that dark subjective influence which they have over the sensation introvert, such as Wordsworth. They do not give him the impression of time and rhythm, of what they will become, as they do to the intuitive extravert, such as Wells. They exist for him only in the present. Keats was entirely a creature of the present moment.

'This is the secret of his strength, if also of his limitation, to be able to take the beauty of the present moment so completely into his heart that it seems an eternal possession'.† Or as he himself said: 'I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness—I look not for it if it be not in the present hour—nothing startles me beyond the moment.'‡

It is not hard to diagnose Keats as a sensation extravert. Sensation was the characteristic most immediately evident to those who have commented upon him. 'The expanding of sensory delight to the limit of consciousness', says G. Wilson Knight, 'is all but the central fact of his work.'§ He states as much himself in that exclamation which is, perhaps, the most self-revealing sentence he ever wrote: 'O for a life of Sensations rather than of Thoughts!'

His friends noticed, too, that his life lay chiefly in the senses. 'Nothing seemed to escape him—the song of a bird and the undernote of the response from covert or hedge, the rustle of some animal, the changing of the green and brown light and furtive shadows, the motion of the wind—just how it took certain tall flowers and plants—and the wayfaring of the clouds.'‖

* *Psychological Types.*
† Herford in the *Cambridge History of English Literature.*
‡ Letter to Bailey, 1817.
§ *The Starlit Dome.*
‖ *Severn.*

He had the capacity almost of losing his identity in outward objects. His friends noted this, and would stare in puzzled silence at him while he passed almost into a trance. Thus Severn describes how he would 'watch the passage of the wind upon the meadow grasses or young corn, not stirring till the flow of air was all around him, while an expression of rapture made his eyes gleam and his face glow.' Keats himself describes this experience of projecting himself into outward objects, in unforgettable words: 'The Setting Sun will always set me to rights, or if a Sparrow come before my Window, I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel.'*

'His entire consciousness,' says Jung of the extravert, 'looks outward to the world . . . . he becomes caught up in objects, wholly losing himself in their toils.'† Keats himself describes this as a kind of loss of his identity. 'A poet is the most unpoetical of any in existence, because he has no Identity—he is continually in for and filling some other body, the Sun—the Moon—the Sea . . . When I am in a room with people . . . the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me, so that I am in a very little time annihilated.'‡

In reading the words of Keats, whether in his letters or his poetry, a man of another type becomes aware of what appears to him as sensation pushed to the utmost limits of consciousness, something as much beyond his own duller capacity to sense as ultra-violet rays—'that trembling delicate and snail-horn perception of beauty', as Keats himself put it.§ His senses were exquisite and fine-toned instruments indeed; all the same one of another type is almost thankful he is not as Keats, for senses so exquisite in their perception can be pained where one of a duller sensibility would feel nothing. The continual rain of that early Spring in Devonshire in 1818, for instance, gave Keats the sensation 'as if the roots of the earth were rotten, cold, drenched'; and he lies awake 'listening to the rain with a sense of being drowned and rotted, like a grain of wheat.'

One need not go far in his poetry to find examples of sense-perception pushed to the utmost limits. In 'I stood tiptoe' for instance:

> 'There crept
> A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
> Born of the very sigh that silence heaves. .
> Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
> With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white. . .
> How silent comes the water round that bend!
> Not the minutest whisper does it send
> To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of grass
> Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.'

* Letter to Bailey, 1817.
† *Ibid.*
‡ Letter to Woodhouse, 1818.
§ Letter to Haydon, 1818. The Journal of Dorothy Wordsworth (another sensation extravert) gives one the same impression, as do the nature-essays of Richard Jefferies. Jefferies describes things in Nature which are unperceived and perhaps unperceptible by a man of another type, for instance the reflection of the moonlight on the dew, or the different shades of the sunset-shadows on the hills. Jefferies was a prose Keats.

One of another type, reading the observations of a sensation extravert such as Keats, becomes conscious that he himself really uses neither his ears nor his eyes.

To the function of sensation is opposed that of intuition. A man of dominant sensation has intuition most repressed. Or in other words, if the centre of conscious life be so far forward, as to exist as it were upon the antennæ of the outward senses, the background of the mind becomes entirely shrouded in darkness and unsensed. Intuition is that function which apprehends the background of the mind. It apprehends the archetypal figures of race-memory which exist deep within the unconscious. Blake called it Imagination. He knew the imagination as a clear visualization of gigantic semi-divine figures or symbols which changed little and were always there each time he looked into his mind. Such a form of apprehension is not peculiar to Blake, though he possessed it perhaps more clearly than any other man and certainly more clearly than any other poet. Shelley possessed the same kind of apprehension, though not so sharply as Blake. To Blake and Shelley imagination was a summoning-up of the archetypes of the unconscious (though of course they did not call them by this modern name), of archetypal, symbolic, and unearthly figures—Blake's Urizen, for example, or Shelley's Witch of Atlas.

To Keats imagination was something quite different; was in fact no more than another name for sense-memory. The imaginative figures of Keats' poetry are nearly always derived from books—chiefly from Greek mythology, but also from Burton and Boccaccio. It is true that the unconscious exercised its power over them, but in quite a different way from the clear visualization of Blake and Shelley. Keats could not see into the unconscious, as they could. His centre of consciousness was too far forward.

When Keats writes about imagination it is easy to see that he is thinking of sense-memory; the recalling of landscapes and paintings he has seen, often transfigured and much more splendid, it is true, but still a recalling of things that were once real. Thus the magic casements opening on perilous seas in faery lands forlorn of his 'Ode to a Nightingale' are ultimately derived from Claude's painting of the *Enchanted Castle*.

'What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth', said Keats.* Blake would have retorted that Keats did not know what the imagination was, or he would have realized that beauty was not its primary object. To Blake, as to every intuitive introvert, imagination meant the discovery of the strange objects to be found within the inner world of man, in the hinterland of the mind. But Keats had no key to unlock that particular door. That he thought beauty the object of the imagination showed that to him imagination was the power of selecting and memorizing beautiful scenes from nature and art—from outward reality.

* Letter to Bailey, 1817.

That is very evident in those poems in which he refers to the imagination. For instance in 'Sleep and Poetry':

> 'Imaginings will hover
> Round my fire-side, and haply there discover
> Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
> In happy silence. . . .'

But what are these imaginings?

> 'An enchanted grot,
> Or a green hill o'erspread with chequer'd dress
> Of flowers. . . .'

Sense-memories, in fact.

The power of intense visualization which Keats possessed is not at all inconsistent with the nature of a sensation extravert. Richard Jefferies had it too, who stated that: 'At every hour of the day I am accustomed to call up figures at will before my eyes, which stand out well defined and coloured to the very hue of their faces.'* If Keats had been asked to describe that power of visualization which he employs, for instance, in the *Eve of St. Agnes* no doubt he would have described it in much the same words. Actually he did do something of the sort in a letter of 1818 to his brother. 'No sooner am I alone', he said, 'than shapes of epic greatness are stationed around me, and serve my Spirit the office which is equivalent to a King's body-guard . . . According to my state of mind I am with Achilles shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the Vales of Sicily.'

Keats visualizes the things he has seen or read about and can hardly go beyond that; Blake and Shelley visualized things they had never seen or read about, but which came from deep within the mind. Keats' imagination is derived from sensation; that of Blake and Shelley is intuitive. 'Imagination', says Jung, 'may come into play in all the basic forms of psychic activity, whether thinking, feeling, sensation, or intuition.'†

Blake and Shelley, who by reason of their type, possessed the key to unlock the doors of the unconscious, could make their own myths, and much preferred to do so. Keats could never do this. His stories were always derived from others. *Endymion* and *Hyperion* are Greek myths; *Isabella* is a story from Boccaccio; the *Eve of St. Agnes* comes from a popular legend, and *Lamia* from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. And those splendid lesser pieces of his come too from the contemplation of outward objects—a nightingale, autumnal scenes, a Greek vase . . .

The auxiliary function is always more difficult to discover in a man than the dominant. My own opinion is that in Keats it was not thought but feeling. Feelings were always uppermost in him; his attachment to his brothers, for instance, and his friends, and his last fatal attachment to Fanny Brawne.

Keats himself seems in his writings to give feeling a priority over

* *Field and Hedgerow.*
† *Psychological Types.*

thought. In that sentence of his in that famous 1817 letter to Bailey which so reveals his character : ' I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections, and of the truth of Imagination ', thought is nowhere. He was not certain of any thought.* All he trusts is feeling and (sensuous) imagination. Which draws us to the conclusion that sensation and feeling were his two conscious functions; sensation as dominant and feeling as auxiliary.

The predominance he gives feeling over thought is very evident in an 1819 letter to his brother. He considers that an intelligence by itself is not worthy to be called an individual until it has been marked by feeling. ' Not merely is the Heart the Hornbook, it is the Mind's Bible, it is the Mind's experience, it is the text from which the Mind or Intelligence sucks its identity.' This is a conception which could never strike a man in whom thought is a dominant or even auxiliary function.

Again, in that poem ' Sleep and Poetry ' in which he lays down as it were the agenda for his literary future he determines to describe first sensation then feeling :

> ' First, the realm I'll pass
> Of Flora, and old Pan ; asleep in the grass
> Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,
> And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees. . . .
> And can I ever bid these joys farewell ?
> Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
> Where I may find the agonies, the strife
> Of human hearts. . . .'

He did it too, although the ten years he prayed for were not granted him.

That leaves thought as the third function, next to intuition the most repressed. (Intuition was so repressed that Keats had no idea of its existence, equating imagination as he did with sensation.†) That this is the correct position for thought in Keats' psychic make-up is shown by the strong colouring of intuition which he gives it. Thought and intuition were the two bottom functions for him, repressed into the unconscious (though thought more conscious than intuition) and, therefore, taking on the opposite—introverted—attitude to consciousness.

Thought in Keats is strongly coloured by intuition. It is symbolic, thinking in pictures, the kind of thought one has in dreams. In a dream a train of thought becomes a train of pictures, like a kind of symbolic film, and that is how Keats thought.

' Keats . . . had a mind constitutionally unapt for abstract thinking. When he conceives or wishes to express abstract ideas, his only way of doing so is by calling up, from the multitudes of concrete images with

* ' I must once for all tell you that I have not one idea of the truth of any of my speculations.'—(Letter to Bailey, 1818).

† Intuition appeared to Keats as ' magic', *i.e.* the ' buried magic ' of the underworld in the second book of *Endymion*, or the witchcraft he always associated with his female figures.

which his memory and imagination are haunted, such as strike him as fitted by their colour and significance, their quality of association and suggestion, to stand for and symbolize the abstractions working in his mind; and in his concrete and figurative fashion he will be found, by those who take the pains to follow him, to think coherently and purposefully enough.'* An example is to be found in that 1818 letter of his to Reynolds, in which he describes human life as a succession of chambers. A train of thought in Keats at once becomes a parable.

He could think coherently, it is true, in this way, but his thought is essentially *negative*. In a man of dominant sensation 'the judging, rational functions are subordinated to the concrete facts of sensation, and, accordingly, possess the qualities of inferior differentiation, i.e. they are marked by a certain negativity.'† Keats actually uses the word 'negative' to describe his thoughts.

'It struck me what quality went to form a Man of Achievement, especially in Literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously—I mean *Negative Capability*, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.'‡

This negativity of his thought is shown in two ways; first by its taking on a bitter and gloomy aspect (due, I should imagine, to its subordination to feeling). Thus he describes the 'Chamber of Maiden Thought' as being darkened by the 'burden of the mystery'—of pain. Secondly by its uncertainty. 'I have never yet been able to perceive,' he says in the 1817 letter to Bailey, 'how anything can be known for truth by consecutive reasoning—and yet it must be so. Can it be that even the greatest Philosopher ever arrived at his Goal without putting aside numerous objections?'

In his 1818 letter to Bailey he describes a 'mental pursuit' as a 'Nothing'. 'As tradesmen say everything is worth what it will fetch, so probably every mental pursuit takes its reality and worth from the ardour of the pursuer—being in itself a Nothing. Ethereal things may at least be thus real, divided under three heads—Things real—things semi-real—and nothings. Things real, such as existences of Sun, Moon and Stars—and passages of Shakespeare—Things semi-real, such as Love, the Clouds, etc., which require a greeting of the Spirit to make them wholly exist—and Nothings. which are made great and dignified by an ardent pursuit.'

One is reminded of Canon Carmont's criticism of the attitude of another sensation extravert—Frederick Rolfe: 'Forms, manners, colours, sounds, shapes, and, beyond, a region of vague uninteresting shadows.'§ That was Rolfe. Keats, however, did make an attempt to penetrate the shadow-land which the region of thought must have

* Sidney Colvin, *John Keats.*
† Jung, *Psychological Types.*
‡ Letter to George and Thomas Keats, 1817.
§ Quoted in Symons' *Quest for Corvo.*

seemed to him—but only as an adjunct to feeling, 'to ease the Burden of the Mystery.'

'The difference of high Sensations with and without knowledge appears to me thus': (and he launches at once into a parable) 'in the latter case we are falling continually ten thousand fathoms deep and being blown up again, without wings, and with the horror of a bare-shouldered Creature—in the former case, our shoulders are fledged, and we go through the air and space without fear.' But, he added with a sigh: 'This is running one's rigs on the score of abstracted benefit—when we come to human Life and the affections, it is impossible to know how far knowledge will console us for the death of a friend and the ill "that flesh is heir to".'*

Keats was thus diametrically opposed in character to Blake. Each psychological function is, with these two men, placed in exactly the opposite order. This opposition can be rendered in diagram, thus :—

	BLAKE		KEATS	
Dominant	Intuition		Sensation	
		introverted		extraverted
Auxiliary	Thought		Feeling	
Semi-repressed	Feeling		Thought	
		extraverted		introverted
Most repressed	Sensation		Intuition	

The two bottom functions, it will be noticed, take on the opposite attitude to consciousness. Thus in Keats, who was consciously extraverted, thought takes on the characteristics of introversion. Not only is it symbolic, but it does not readily—and in this he is like Blake—admit the opinions of others. Keats liked to puzzle things out for himself. In this we can contrast him with Shelley—an intuitive introvert in whom thought, being semi-repressed, took on extraverted characteristics and made him swallow whole the opinions of others.

* Letter to Reynolds, 1818.

THE SIN OF FAUSTUS

J. C. MAXWELL

THERE is so little good criticism of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* that any addition to it is an occasion for satisfaction; and Dr Greg's recent article in the *Modern Language Review** is particularly welcome, confirming on many points and supplementing on others the basic contribution of Mr Kirschbaum in the *Review of English Studies*.† The student of those two papers has no excuse for not having a fundamentally sound conception of Marlowe's mind and art as displayed in this great play. In this note, all that I want to do is to correct what seems to me to be an error in emphasis common to the two critics. In this I have been helped by an earlier essay which, though less lucid and generally satisfactory than Kirschbaum's, is by no means entirely superseded by it, and also deserves credit for having anticipated a number of Kirschbaum's findings: that by James Smith in *Scrutiny*‡

Both Kirschbaum and Greg have laid stress on the element of sensuality in Faustus as Marlowe represents him, not least in the great Helen speech (v. i, 107 *ff.*)§, which has been made the occasion for inappropiate romanticism. The emphasis which they have given to this culminating scene‖—the last before Faustus' damnation is consummated—slightly obscures some aspects of Marlowe's treatment that I take to be even more important. To Kirschbaum, for example, Faustus is a 'wretchedly irresolute hedonist' (p. 239), an 'incorrigible hedonist' (p. 238), a 'weak-willed voluptuary' (p. 239). He is all this, but this is not all that he is.

Some confusion has arisen from talk about Faustus' progressive degradation in the course of the action. Kirschbaum and Greg** recognize, as earlier critics often have not, that Marlowe realized very well what he was doing in depicting Faustus in such a way as to give grounds for describing him in these terms. But it is necessary to distinguish two questions: (i) what, essentially, is the nature of the sin by which Faustus brings damnation on himself? (ii) what does Marlowe represent as being the consequences of Faustus' sin in his character while he is still in the world? In Greg especially, I seem to detect a tendency to treat correct answers to the second question as if they were answers, or parts of the answer, to the first.

* XLI, 97–107: 1946.
† XIX, 225–41: 1943.
‡ VII, 36–55: 1939.
§ All textual references to Boas' edition.
‖ Greg even refers to this scene as embodying 'the central theme of the damnation of Faustus.'

** Greg stresses more the degeneration, Kirschbaum the elements of sensuality present from the outset.

'In spite', he writes, 'of his earnest desire to know truth, and half hidden in the Marlowan glamour cast about him, the seeds of decay are in his character from the first—how else should he come to make his fatal bargain? Beside his passion for knowledge is a lust for riches and pleasure and power'. (p. 100). I cannot think that Greg really overlooks the fact that the spiritual ambition that leads Faustus to make 'the fatal bargain' is a sin compared with which the bodily lusts are of secondary importance, but his language is somewhat misleading.

Faustus is Everyman, and his sin is a re-enactment of the sin of Adam—pride, 'the form and fount of all other sin' (Smith: p. 49). The Chorus makes this quite plain: 'swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit' (I, Prol. 20); 'to practise more than heavenly power permits' (V, Epil. 8). This is the framework of the play, and compared with this, Faustus' final 'demoniality' (Greg: p. 106) is of secondary importance. It is only one of the fruits of the primal sin, which was a sin of the mind, not of the flesh. It is true, and important, that this sin leads to a degradation in which even the false objects of the mind give place in Faustus' eyes to more purely sensual pleasures—true also that, as Kirschbaum emphasizes, one of the things that Faustus has wanted even from the beginning is to 'live in all voluptuousness' (I, iii, 94)—but, though possibly more contemptible to his fellow-mortals, Faustus is not more *wicked* in respect of his indulgence in those pleasures than in his original rejection of God, any more than Milton's Satan is more wicked in the metamorphosis of *Paradise Lost* X, 503-6 than in his original rebellion. Hence to say 'with Faustus' union with Helen the nice balance between possible salvation and imminent damnation is upset' (Greg: p. 107) is true enough if it means that this act of Faustus is that in which his impenitence finally finds expression—that this union is the apparent good which he finally prefers to his salvation—but it is false if it means that this sin in its particular character is, and is bound to be, specially momentous. For the same reason I should demur to Kirschbaum's '*for the sake* of bodily pleasure, Faustus has given up the last possibility of redemption' (p. 239: my italics), as involving a measure of ambiguity that I do not think the author entirely avoids being misled by. I believe that essentially we are all in agreement—Greg justly says at the end of his paper that Marlowe 'did not shrink from depicting, beside Faustus' spiritual sin of bartering his soul to the powers of evil, what is in effect its physical complement and counterpart' (p. 107)—but I have found a tendency in students of the play, while accepting Kirschbaum's analysis, to feel that it robs Faustus of some of the dignity which they sense still to belong to him, in spite of everything. And Faustus *is* a man whom it was eminently worth Lucifer's while to gain: that he robs him of most of his dignity as well as of his soul (if the two can be so sharply distinguished) is part of the tragedy, and in pointing out what is made of Faustus it is a mistake not to pay attention also to what the Faustus is of whom that thing is made—the

man whose achievements and endowments are praised in the opening and closing choruses. One way to keep a due measure of attention directed upon that side of the theme is to recognize Faustus' central act of sin for what it is.

Pride, then, is at the heart of the picture, and sensuality merely one of its fruits. What other sins go to make up the whole scheme? There is one theme of the first importance that I find mentioned only by Smith (p. 43): that of *curiosity*. Structurally, this is perhaps the most important aspect of Marlowe's treatment of sin in the play. Pride is the ultimate source of Faustus' fall, and sensuality is a pervasive element of his character after it. But it is curiosity that is most notably operative in the conduct of the action. Moreover, it is largely owing to a failure to apprehend the nature, as indeed the existence, of this sin that there have arisen the misrepresentations of Marlowe's purpose which have seen in Faustus a largely sympathetic picture of a typically Renaissance striving for 'knowledge infinite'.

Curiosity is a theme which links the intellectual and sensual aspects of Faustus' sin. It is 'the vice which has as its object the intellectual satisfaction to be derived from knowing all sensual pleasures . . . It was, of course, considered a greater vice than the pursuit of these pleasures for their own sakes.'* It is notable that it is what is really being described at certain points in the play where Kirschbaum sees only straightforward sensuality. When Mephistophilis offers the show of devils

> 'to delight *thy mind*,
> And let thee see what magic can perform'
> [II, 1, 83–4: my italics]

it is his curiosity that he is ministering to, rather than his 'sensual satisfaction' (Kirschbaum: p. 235), though the purpose is rightly described by Kirschbaum as being 'to distract his mind from spiritual concern.' The show of the Seven Deadly Sins, again, is not just 'satisfaction of the senses' (Kirschbaum: p. 237). Smith here quotes Augustine to the effect that the curious man, as opposed to the voluptuous, seeks after the opposites of what is beautiful, etc., 'not that he may be vexed by them, but merely out of the lust to experience and to know' (p. 43). That is certainly Faustus' attitude here: 'O, how this sight doth delight my soul' (II, ii, l. 173), and the fundamental unrealism of the curious man is grimly brought out in his 'O, might I see hell and return again safe, how happy were I then' (175–6). And the 'dramatic irony' noted by Kirschbaum (p. 27) in the lines, 'That sight will be as pleasing unto me / As Paradise was to Adam, the first day/ of his creation', is more forcible if we contrast Faustus' misdirected lust for knowledge with the natural and properly directed desire to know all that it concerned him to know that Adam had in the state of innocence.

If we return to follow the action chronologically, we note that Faustus' first use of his power is to ask about hell, and when he

* See *The Allegorical Drama of Calderón*, by A. A. Parker (p. 196).

expresses doubt whether this can be hell, ' sleeping, eating, walking and *disputing* ' (II, ii, 140 : my italics), the ' curious ' disposition is epitomized—it is none the less something that Marlowe treats on its own account because it is followed immediately by a plunge into sensuality : the two things, Marlowe indicates, go together. The ' curiously barren discussion on astronomy ' (Greg : p. 101) of Act II, Scene ii, also falls into place from this point of view. That it is abortive is the main point of it : I think Smith (p. 42) is right in seeing, in the way it leads up to the unanswered question ' who made the world ? ' a reference to the argument *a contingentia*. In any case, there is a marked contrast suggested between the idle curiosity of an undisciplined mind that will not even apply itself to solving its questions for itself, and the proper use of the intellect which, even without the aid of revelation, can discover ' who made the world '.

It is not only Faustus who is obsessed by curiosity throughout the play. It is in varying degrees a characteristic vice of those who consult him, the Emperor (IV, ii), the Duke of Anholt (IV, vii), even Faustus' friends the scholars (V, i). That the source for all these displays of Faustus' power is in the *Faust Book* does not detract from their significance in Marlowe's play ; nor does the fact that ' the intellectual satisfaction to be derived from knowing all sensuous pleasures ' is obviously more suitable for presentation on the stage than direct sensual enjoyment. Those facts merely show Marlowe's skill in using his material to the best effect.

The points arising out of this examination that seem to me important for the understanding of the play are : (i) No insistence on the pervading, and increasing, sensualism of Faustus ought to obscure the fact that he falls, like Man, and like Lucifer himself (I, iii, 70), through the spiritual sin of pride. (ii) In some cases what has been taken to be straightforward sensuality has rather an intellectual quality that assimilates it to what the scholastics called ' curiosity'. (iii) That this curiosity has greater importance for the central acts than even Smith, to whom is due the credit for rediscovering this motif, has demonstrated.* (iv) In the representation of Faustus' character, the presence of this vice of curiosity mediates the transition that has sometimes seemed unduly abrupt, between the essentially spiritual pride to which he succumbs, and the direct sensuality in which his earthly career culminates. The double appearance of the succuba who impersonates Helen symbolizes this transition ; she appears first to satisfy the curiosity of the Scholars, and returns to glut Faustus' sensual desire.

* But much of what I have said is implicit in his ' Faustus is out of the danger of knowing God ; he is on the other hand the better qualified to tease Popes, oblige Duchesses and entertain Emperors.' (p. 43).

THE WITNESS

FRANCIS KING

EVEN on the first of all the many interminable days that we were to work in the public gardens, the old man was already seated on his bench beyond the chestnut trees. For a time none of us noticed him—I suppose because we were too busy watching people younger and more attractive ; for whatever we did, we never ceased to look at you—at you, the passers-by—with that peculiar mixture of longing, defiance and shame that you will find only among men in our position. In this way, it was not until twelve o'clock that we realized that he was staring at us. At twelve o'clock the park began to empty, and then we experienced the worst thirty minutes of the whole day ; in half-an-hour we would lunch, and as we waited, misery began to rise like a sour vomit from our rumbling and aching bellies. We would wrangle among ourselves, curse and work either with an insane, desperate concentration, attempting by mere physical exhaustion to put all other thoughts away from us, or, alternatively, with a growing lassitude that in the end brought us to a complete halt.

It was S—, the youngest of us, who first noticed the man. At this hour, S— was one of those who worked with a crazed energy, often sobbing between the thrusts of his spade; he was only nineteen, and seemed to feel his position more bitterly than the rest of us.

'I wish that b— would stop staring.'

Soon, we had all noticed the man, and since, in the days that followed, we were to become familiar with every smallest detail of his appearance and dress, I think I should at once try to describe him for you. He wore dark glasses—not only was it then midsummer, but his bench was exposed to the full sun—and, curious for that time of year, an old army great-coat. He was always hatless, his grey hair cropped close to his head. One cheek gleamed strangely in the sunlight, and we decided that there must be a scar across it ; otherwise, his lean haggard face was tanned a deep brown. He sat erect, his head tilted back with what seemed to us arrogance.

A moment after we had all stopped work to look at him, one of his hands slipped into his great-coat pocket and drew out a brown-paper parcel ; deliberately he untied the string. Then (with what fascination were we still watching him) he smoothed the paper back and revealed the contents. Sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg, lettuce, a piece of fruit-cake, an apple. He began to eat.

'Damn him ! Damn him !' Suddenly S— grabbed his spade and began to hack at the ground with fierce malevolence.

From that day on the old man never failed to be seated in the park as soon as we arrived ; he spent the whole morning there, ate his food, and then, by the time we returned from our own lunch, had once

more gone. He was never with anyone, he never did anything. He merely sat and watched us for three hours until one clock and then another and then innumerable others began to strike twelve all over the capital; then he would produce the brown-paper parcel, untie the string and begin his meal.

We hated him and yet we were obscurely fascinated. Even when we returned to the camp, it was difficult to put him out of our minds and not to talk of him. He had become an obsession with us. Who was he? Why did he come to the park? Why did he always watch us? Each of us had his own explanation of the man's behaviour and we often quarrelled as we argued among ourselves. M—, for example, who had been a professional soldier and was happy in being the possessor of an absurd, irrational optimism, declared that the man was secretly in sympathy with us; he was waiting, he was watching; one day he would give a sign. M—, always planning to escape, cherished the illusion that the old man would help him.

S—'s view was less complimentary. When he had first come to the camp, he had been a healthy, somewhat stupid boy, with a strong body—he had been a farm-labourer—not unattractive features, and a mass of coarse, blond hair. Six months of imprisonment had changed him; he had become thin and curiously wan, even effeminate; moreover, he was liable to recurring fits of suicidal melancholy. It was his obsession that the man was watching, not us, but him alone; he was convinced of it, absolutely convinced, and if we laughed at such a notion, would fly into a passion. Sometimes the man would figure in his dreams, and then he would awake screaming and fighting in the bed next to mine.

And I? I, too, was convinced that my explanation was the only true one. I was certain that the man was an old soldier, possessed with the desire to avenge himself on the people who had once been his enemies. Under his scrutiny, an appalling sense of guilt would fill my whole being—guilt both for my own and for my country's transgressions. I would begin to torture myself with the thought of all the man might have suffered—a wife or child killed, a friend crippled—and then an obscure tenderness would rise up within me: I would want to go to the man, to kneel down and to beg for his forgiveness.

Yet at the same time I hated him: because he always came between me and whatever else I tried to do; because it was of him that we always in the end came to speak; above all, because he seemed inhuman. When we wished to be excused, our journey to the latrines took us past his seat, but though some of us—M— for example—smiled at him, he would never smile back. On one occasion, S— deliberately paused to adjust his bootlace. Why? He did not know, he was ashamed at his weakness, and yet something compelled him to stop before the man he so much loathed. 'He said nothing. He never moved. But he was watching. He was watching all my movements. It was horrible, obscene!'

As the weeks went by, our obsession could be less and less easily controlled ; it erupted in wild, humourless jokes, sudden quarrels and recurring threats to ' get at Him.' (For, by now, we always spoke of Him with a capital letter, as it were.) Before the silent onslaught of this man, the whole fabric of our relations was being slowly tugged to pieces. We were perpetually on edge, either raised to heights of abnormal hilarity, or plunged into an abyss of gloom. In our hearts we all knew that there must be a crisis

The day came at the end of that August, still and suffocating, with the promise of a storm. S— cut his hand on a piece of glass, but when I tried to bind it up for him, he pulled away angrily. ' Oh, leave me alone ! Don't touch me ! Don't fuss over me ! ' The blood trickled over the handle of his spade and a few drops fell on to the ground, but the wound was not serious and the bleeding soon ceased. A few minutes later M— (the three of us always kept together) began talking wildly about his plans for an escape—soon, tomorrow, or perhaps the next day. Then it was my turn to give way. ' Oh, shut up ! ' My voice was vindictive, strained and hoarse. ' You always speak of escaping. But you never do. You haven't got the nerve.'

There was a silence, and though we stood so close, we seemed all at once to have miles and miles between us. A drop of sweat ran down my cheek into my mouth, leaving a salt, brackish taste, as of tears.

The man was taking out his parcel ; as if at a signal, we all stopped work and looked at him. The clocks had begun to strike, curiously loud and harsh on that still, sultry day, their noise prolonging itself, on and on, on and on. Suddenly I threw down my spade and asked to be excused : the guard nodded.

I began to walk towards the man, but it required a great effort, for all at once my knees felt weak and my head dizzy ; my loins ached. Then, when I was almost alongside him, something happened, at once trivial and terrifying in its inevitability ; he had just untied the parcel, and as he did so, the apple trickled across his knees and fell on to the grass with a soft thud. It began to roll, slowly, inexorably, towards me ; it halted just before my feet. I stooped down, picked it up (how chill it felt on my hot palm) and held it out. The man did not take it ; he continued to stare at me. I proffered it, I thrust it before him. Still he stared, still he remained motionless.

Then, in a convulsive fit of rage, I hurled it at him ; I leapt on to him, clutched him by the throat, and jerked him backwards and forwards, banging his head against the iron slats of the bench. His dark glasses shot off, and a moment later I could hear them crunching beneath my boots ; the sound filled me with a queer sensual pleasure.

Then, all at once, I stopped ; I let go and peered down at the frothing, livid face. I peered closer. For the first time, for the very first time, I was gazing into the eyes of our enemy. And as I did so, I saw that he was blind.

A HALF-SHEET OF PAPER

AUGUST STRINDBERG

THE last removal van had departed, and the tenant, a young man with a black band round his hat, wandered once more through the flat to see if he had forgotten anything—no, he had not forgotten anything, not a single thing ; and with that he went out into the hall in the firm determination never to think again of the things he had lived through in that apartment. But lo ! in the hall, over against the telephone, sat firmly pinned a half-sheet of paper. It was a mass of writing in different hands, in one place ceremoniously inscribed in blue-black, in another scribbled in pencil or red ink. There it was—the whole of that pretty story, enacted in the short space of two years. Everything he wished to forget stood there—a fragment of human life on a half-sheet of paper.

He took down the sheet. It was one of those pieces of glossy, sun-yellow exercise paper. He set it down on the lid of the room-stove, and, leaning over it, he read. First stood her name—Alice, the most beautiful name he knew, his fiancée's name. With it was the number 15.11. It looked like the number of a psalm in church. After that was written 'Bank'. That was his work, the sacred work that brought food and a roof-tree and a wife, the very foundation of life. Nevertheless, it was crossed out ! For the bank had failed, although he himself had been taken over into another bank—but not before he had lived through a short period of great distress.

Then it came ! The flower-shop and the cab-rank. That was the time of his engagement, when his pockets were full of money.

Then the furniture-stores and the upholsterer—he was home-building. Then the furniture-removers—they had been moving in.

The booking-office at the Opera, 50.50. They are newly married and go to the Opera every Sunday—their best moments, when they themselves sit silent, meeting in beauty and concord in the fairyland on the other side of the curtain.

After this comes a man's name, crossed out. That was a friend who, attaining a certain prominence in the world and being unable to carry his fortune, fell beyond redemption and had to fly far away. So flimsy are the things of this life !

At this point a new element seems to have entered their married life. It says—in a feminine hand and in pencil—' Woman.' What woman ?—ah ! she with the big cloak and the friendly sympathetic face, who comes so quietly, and never walks through the drawing-room, but enters the bedroom by way of the corridor.

Under her name stands ' Dr. L.'

At this point there crops up the name of a relative. It says ' Mother '—his mother-in-law. She had kept herself discreetly in

the background, not to disturb the newly-married pair, but now she is called upon in the hour of need, and comes gladly because she is needed.

Here there begins a great scribble of black and red. The Employment Exchange—the maid has left, or a new one is coming in. The chemist. Ah ! the plot thickens. The dairy. To the dairy go the orders for tuberculin-tested milk.

The grocer's, the butcher's and so on. The household is beginning to be run over the telephone—the housewife can't be at her post. No, indeed, for she is confined to her bed.

What followed he could not read, for everything began to swim before his eyes as if he were a drowning man trying to see through salt water. But there it was—' Undertaker.' It speaks for itself ! One big coffin, and, *bien entendu*, one small one. And in brackets was written—' of dust.'

That was all. With dust it finished, and that is the condition of life.

But he took the sun-yellow paper and kissed it and put it in his breast-pocket.

In two minutes he had lived through two years of his life.

He was not bowed down when he left. On the contrary, he carried his head high, as a lucky man and a proud one, in the knowledge that he had what was most beautiful in life. How many there are who have never had the good fortune to possess it !

Translated by R. J. CHARLESTON

[The above translation from August Strindberg is published by kind permission of the Estate of August Strindberg.]

SELECTED NOTICES

History of Western Philosophy. By Bertrand Russell. (Allen & Unwin, 21s.).

Philosophy is an important activity of the human mind, but it is only one of man's activities, and the development of philosophy is but a part of the general movement of history, or, more concretely, the philosopher is not an impersonal mind but a definite individual man, who is inevitably influenced to some extent by the cultural, social and political circumstances of his time. This fact is certainly admitted, but historians of philosophy sometimes pay it simply the brief tribute of passing recognition. That they act in this way is indeed understandable, since they are after all writing the history of philosophy, and not of politics or of social and economic development, and if they are going to do anything more than skim the surface of their subject, they cannot give much space to matters which, though relevant to the growth, form and even partial content of a philosophical system, are not so important from their point of view as the system itself, considered abstractly and in relation to other systems. However, the need has been felt for a complete history of philosophy which would emphasize just those very points which are generally not emphasized, and with a view to meeting this need Bertrand Russell has written his history

of western philosophy (a very long book, often a provocative book, but never a dull book*) in which he has tried ' to exhibit each philosopher, as far as truth permits, as an outcome of his *milieu*.'

From the bald statement of this aim (minus the reservation at least) it might appear that Lord Russell adopts the Marxist view of philosophy ; but actually he does not do so, except in part. In his interesting chapter on Marx he states the latter's notion that ' the politics, religion, philosophy and art of any epoch in human history are an outcome of its methods of production and, to a lesser extent, of distribution', and goes on to state that he does not accept the thesis as it stands, though he thinks that it contains very important elements of truth. Lord Russell distinguishes two elements in philosophy, questions which are scientific and logical (what these questions are must be understood in terms of the author's own philosophical outlook) and ' extra-rational ' convictions. In regard to philosophy understood in the second sense Lord Russell considers that Marx's view is largely true, ' though even in this sense a philosophy is determined by other social causes as well as by those that are economic'. Moreover, he remarks of Rousseau that the latter was of ' immense importance as a social force', that ' he had a powerful influence on philosophy, as on literature and taste and manners and politics', from which one might infer that ideologies are not merely powerless epiphenomena of social conditions.

Lord Russell certainly does well to avoid the *simpliste* position of the Marxists, who are thoroughly inconsistent when there is question of their own philosophy, which is expounded as dogma and not as the ideological reflection of a certain economic phase, while on the other hand there is indeed some truth in the Marxist view, especially where political philosophy is concerned. One can surely avoid the Marxist extreme without being compelled to go to the other extreme and make this philosopher responsible for Nazism and that philosopher for Fascism : the philosopher certainly influences others, but he is equally certainly influenced by others. It would be ridiculous to deny that the political philosophies of Plato, Aristotle, Locke and Hegel were partly formed by the social and political *milieu* of the thinkers in question. One cannot, however, lay down any hard and fast rule : one philosopher may be more extensively or more profoundly influenced by his *milieu* than another philosopher by his, and even if a philosopher's political theory is partly determined by the transient historical circumstances, it cannot be taken for granted that all elements of his philosophy are equally determined. By making the distinction between two elements in philosophy Lord Russell presumably agrees with this in principle; but with his formulation and application of the above-mentioned distinction the reviewer cannot agree and will return to the subject later, as it is one of great importance for philosophy itself, and so for its history.

How does Lord Russell fulfil his aim of showing the influence of the social *milieu* on the philosopher ? In some respects very well indeed. For instance, to preface his treatment of Plato's ideal State, as depicted in the *Republic*, with a chapter on Sparta is of great utility to those readers who are not well acquainted with the history of Greece, for if one is aware of the customs and institutions of Sparta and of the admiration felt for Sparta by certain circles at Athens, one can view Plato's somewhat astonishing proposals in their true perspective. The Platonic Republic is an idealized Sparta with a philosophic top-dressing which would be quite unacceptable to the Spartans, while even in the *Laws*, where the top-dressing is not laid on so heavily, the influence of Sparta is evident though the ideal of higher education was an Athenian development and had no counterpart in the real Sparta. Incidentally Lord Russell does not share Plato's admiration for Sparta : nor for that matter does the present reviewer. The Athenians had some grave faults, but Athens was a cultural centre whereas Sparta was a provincial-minded town and an uncultured community, resembling a kind of blend between militaristic Prussia and an English public school of the first half of the last century, with some ugly features thrown in which were characteristic neither of Prussia nor of the English public school.

* *History of Western Philosophy and its connection with Political and Social Circumstances from the Earliest Times to the Present Day* is its full title.

The chapter on Sparta is but one instance of Lord Russell's endeavour to supply the historical background for the philosophers with whom he deals: there are valuable chapters or passages on the hellenistic world, on the history of the middle ages, on the renaissance, on England at the time of Locke, and so on. The reviewer does not mean to imply that he agrees with all that the author has to say on these subjects, since he interprets and evaluates events from a different standpoint; but the fact that he has included a treatment of these themes in his book greatly increases its value and utility. Again, one must congratulate the author on his attempt to exhibit and illustrate the influence on philosophy of non-philosophical factors which are at the same time not political or economic. Thus in regard to Greek philosophy he does well to bring out the influence of religious Pythagorean and Orphic elements on Plato's thought and the way in which mathematics helped to determine the character of his metaphysic: his chapter on early Greek mathematics and astronomy is undoubtedly relevant. Again, there is a valuable chapter on the romantic movement and even one on Byron. It may seem surprising to include in a history of philosophy a chapter on a poet who is not generally so admired in England as he has been on the continent, but, as Lord Russell observes of Byron, ' like many other prominent men, he was more important as a myth than as he really was. As a myth, his importance, especially on the continent, was enormous.'

Enough has been said perhaps to indicate something of the merits of this remarkable book. The author need not have apologized in the preface for not being a specialist on all the philosophers with whom he deals (or rather for having written about philosophers on whom he is not a specialist), for no one of any sense would expect him to be, and the aim of the book amply justifies its publication. It is always interesting, it is written in a human and lively way, and it is often illuminated by acute and sometimes humorous observations. Having remarked that Christianity popularized the principle that a man's duty to God is more important than his duty to the State and that this principle remained latent in Byzantine Christianity, and so in Russian Orthodoxy which depended on Byzantium, he observes in a footnote, ' that is why the modern Russian does not think that we ought to obey dialectical materialism rather than Stalin.' A Marxist would naturally expostulate and talk about Stalin as an exponent of true Marxism, but a less prejudiced observer would recognize the truth in the implication of Lord Russell's remark. Apropos of the romantic movement and the romantic's substitution of aesthetic for ethical standards, he says: ' tigers are more beautiful than sheep but we prefer them behind bars. The typical romantic removes the bars and enjoys the magnificent leaps with which the tiger annihilates the sheep. He exhorts men to imagine themselves tigers, and when he succeeds the results are not wholly pleasant.' Of the Greeks he says acutely that ' it was the combination of passion and intellect that made them great, while they were great.' (Using greatness in the sense understood, the same might be said of the men of the renaissance). Another acute remark is that ' modern definitions of truth, such as those of pragmatism and instrumentalism, which are practical rather than contemplative, are inspired by industrialism as opposed to aristocracy.'

Again, Lord Russell's judgment is sound, when he says that though Hobbes prefers monarchy,' all his abstract arguments are equally applicable to all forms of government in which there is one supreme authority not limited by the legal rights of other bodies.' It is also true that though Rousseau's ideal was that of direct democracy, the first-fruits of the *Social Contract* in practice were the reign of Robespierre, while the modern dictatorships are in part an outcome of Rousseau's teaching.

But though the merits of this book are considerable, its demerits are no less important. The author gives, for instance, an inaccurate and unfair picture of Fichte; in the little he has to say on that philosopher he gives the impression that Fichte meant by the Absolute Ego the individual ego, whereas Fichte protested that this was not what he meant. More important, however, from the reviewer's standpoint, is what Bertrand Russell has to say on the

proofs of the existence of God as given by St. Thomas Aquinas. All these arguments, he says, ' except the one from teleology in lifeless things, depend upon the supposed impossibility of a series having no first term', and he then comments, ' every mathematician knows that there is no such impossibility.' Now, this objection is not infrequently adduced against the validity of Aquinas' proofs, but its cogency becomes no greater through the frequency of its repetition. Some mediaevals, among them St. Bonaventure, tried to show that the world cannot have been created from eternity, since, if it had been, an infinite series would have been traversed and this is impossible. To this St. Thomas answered that it cannot be shown philosophically that a series stretching back to infinity is impossible. Whether or not St. Thomas' arguments were conclusive is irrelevant: the point is that he admitted the possibility or conceivability of an infinite series as such, so that his proofs of the existence of God cannot depend on the impossibility of such a series in general. When Aquinas argues, for example from contingent being to necessary Being, using the principle that it is impossible to proceed to infinity in an ascending order of dependence, he simply means that there must be an adequate existing reason why the contingent being exists. Of course, it is essential to the proof, to show that there is contingent being; but a little reflection should suffice to convince anyone that the mathematical ' infinite Series ' has nothing to do with the matter at all. Nor does this type of argument for God's existence depend on the ontological argument, as Kant says it does (followed in this by Lord Russell), for the possibility of God or a necessary Being is not presupposed in the sense in which it is presupposed by the ontological argument. Lord Russell argues that if the existence of the world can only be accounted for by the existence of a necessary Being, the possibility of this Being is presupposed, in which case one might just as well employ the ontological argument alone; but actually what is presupposed is not the positive possibility of a definite idea, that of the necessary Being, but the actuality of that without which a proved existent object (in this case contingent being) cannot exist. In other words, what is really presupposed is the validity of the human reasoning process.

Lord Russell gives the impression to his readers that it is illegitimate for any Catholic to criticize Aristotle or even to supplement the Aristotelian logic of the syllogism by modern forms of logic. As regards the first point, one might suggest that he read the outstanding work of Fr J. M. Le Blond, *Logique et Methode chez Aristote**, in which he will find abundant criticism of the system of the historic Aristotle from a somewhat unexpected source. In regard to modern logical development, there is no reason at all why a Catholic philosopher should not employ symbolic logic or mathematical logic: that Catholic philosophers do not often do so, is doubtless sometimes due to lack of mathematical training (a deficiency by no means peculiar to Catholic philosophers), while sometimes it is due to the conviction that mathematical logic has not that degree of importance which some of its devotees take it upon themselves to attribute to it.

More important than actual misstatements is the implication of the doctrine contained in the distinction, already referred to, between two elements in philosophy, scientific or logical questions on the one hand and ' extra-rational decisions ' on the other. Lord Russell is an eminent exponent of the philosophy of logical analysis, which ' differs from that of Locke, Berkeley and Hume by its incorporation of mathematics and its development of a powerful logical technique', and for him the only philosophical problems which are capable of definite solution are those which can be treated by the methods of analytical empiricism, which ' resemble those of science'. Using the term science to include analytical empiricism, he can say that ' whatever can be known, can be known by means of science'. It follows that those philosophical problems which cannot be dealt with by these scientific methods are incapable of definite solution. The existence or non-existence of God, the immortality of the soul, questions of value in ethics and politics cannot be dealt with by these methods: therefore they are incapable of definite solution. In fact, they are not strictly

* Paris, 1939.

speaking philosophical problems at all. Lord Russell, it is true, considers that the theory formerly advanced by Carnap that ' all philosophical problems are really syntactical and that, when errors in syntax are avoided, a philosophical problem is thereby solved or shown to be insoluble ', is an overstatement, and so presumably he would not subscribe to the theory that all metaphysical terms and statements are meaningless nonsense ; but he certainly thinks not only that all proofs hitherto adduced for the existence of God, the immortality of the soul or the objectivity of absolute values are invalid, but also that no valid proof could be given, since such objects cannot be verified by scientific method. Moreover, all metaphysical statements on God, the immortal soul and ultimate values are irrational in their origin, being the fruit of emotion and interest rather than of logical reasoning. They are ' extra-rational decisions '.

This view of philosophy naturally colours Lord Russell's treatment of its history. Plato, for instance, falsified logic and made mathematics mystical in order to arrive at certain preconceived results, in order to establish doctrines the effect of which would be, he thought, to make men virtuous. Of Aquinas he observes, that ' the appeal to reason is, in a sense, insincere, since the conclusion to be reached is fixed in advance ' (on non-rational grounds) and ' the finding of arguments for a conclusion given in advance is not philosophy, but special pleading '. Kant was awakened from his dogmatic slumbers by Hume's criticism of the concept of causality (' so at least he says ') ' but the awakening was only temporary, and he soon invented a soporific which enabled him to sleep again.' Again, ' a large part of Bergson's philosophy, probably the part to which most of its popularity is due, does not depend upon argument, and cannot be upset by argument.' It is presumably because of this view of philosophy (partly at least) that Lord Russell does not treat of the cosmology of Professor Whitehead, the most eminent living British philosopher. Whitehead is only twice mentioned, once as the co-author of *Principia Mathematica*, and once as having been influenced by Bergson.

One could, of course, find excellent pragmatic reasons against the acceptance of Lord Russell's idea of philosophy. For example, he informs us that he dislikes Nietzsche, but that in his opinion the ultimate argument against Nietzsche's philosophy lies in an appeal to the emotions : one cannot find absolutely valid rational arguments. To this one might reply that the practical result of denying the ascertainability of absolute values is that one facilitates the rise of those types of ethical and political doctrine which Lord Russell himself dislikes. To argue in this way, however, would obviously be to expose oneself to the criticism that one was falling into the fault of Plato and proclaiming the ascertainability of absolute values in accordance with one's preconceived ethical prejudices, that one was using pseudo-reasoning to establish an already given conclusion, a doctrine which one thought would make men virtuous and happy. The pragmatic line of argument is thus best avoided.

Now, it is perfectly true that Plato was largely animated by ethical considerations, as Socrates was ; it is true that St. Thomas believed in the existence of God before he attempted to prove God's existence ; it is true that Kant attempted to bring back with one hand what he had taken away with the other and that much of what Bergson has to say is unsupported by any very conclusive argument ; but if one wishes to write the history of philosophy as a philosopher and to pass judgment on the doctrines treated of, the main question must always be whether or not the particular argument adduced to prove a particular point is valid in itself or not, irrespective of the question whether the philosopher already held the proposition to be proved or wanted to prove it. That St. Thomas already believed in the existence of God is irrelevant from the philosophic standpoint : the relevant question is, are his proofs valid proofs or are they not ? Plato certainly thought the tough views of Callicles and Thrasymachus to be dangerous and pestilential, but the philosophically relevant question is whether or not Plato proved their views to be false and his own views to be true, not whether or not he wanted to prove a certain position. After all, it may be that Lord Russell himself wants to arrive at a particular conclusion and that analytical empiricists and logical positivists are not quite the impersonal

minds that they sometimes represent themselves to be; but the relevant question for the philosopher is not what Lord Russell wants to prove (though this is interesting on other grounds), but what he does prove.

The retort to such criticism would be, of course, that the speculative philosophers deal with problems which cannot be treated scientifically, cannot be settled definitely, so that the pretended solutions given by the philosophers must be attributed to other causes than logical reasoning. That ultimate questions of value and metaphysical problems in general cannot be settled by the methods of physical science is obvious enough, and there is no need to discuss the point. It is also pretty clear that they cannot be settled by logical analysis, which may show what we mean when we use certain words but cannot settle problems of existence and value. But to go on to assert that such problems are pseudo-problems or that they are incapable of definite solution is to be guilty of gross dogmatism. A sausage machine may work excellently, but it will never turn out sausages unless it is fed with the appropriate material, and what is the justification for saying that only those questions which can be fed into the sausage machine of logical analysis are capable of rational settlement? No justification is forthcoming, unless the dogmatic assertion of the criterion of empirical verifiability, understood in the way that the empiricists understand it, is to be considered a justification. One sees this criterion laid down in a number of books, but one finds no adequate justification for it: when it comes to dogmatism, the logical positivists and their fellow-travellers are the equal of anybody.

Lord Russell's book is calculated to give the impression that speculative philosophy has been discredited by its history, and on the final page he speaks of the 'fog of metaphysics'; but it is a fallacy to argue from the variety of systems and the extravagant character of certain philosophies to the impotence of all metaphysics. If the system of one philosopher is to a great extent the expression of his personal temperament, it does not necessarily follow that a like judgment can be passed on the system of another philosopher: if some of the arguments of a given philosopher are sophistical, it does not necessarily follow that all his arguments are sophistical. Whitehead rightly speaks of that 'complete humility before logic and before fact' which is required of speculative philosophy, and one must admit that not all philosophers have shown this characteristic; but the failure in this respect of some, or even perhaps many philosophers, is no valid argument against speculative philosophy as such. To make a distinction between speculative philosophy and science (in the sense of the experimental sciences) is common sense: to make a distinction between speculative philosophy and science (in the sense of knowledge) is unwarranted dogmatism, proceeding from the assumption of the certain truth of a particular philosophy, analytical empiricism, the truth of which has to be demonstrated and not assumed.

Aesthetic Experience in Religion. By Geddes MacGregor. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.).

It is easy for a man who crosses a field on his way to a business appointment to forget when he reaches the other side the purpose of his walk—easy, that is, if the man happens to be a naturalist. Similarly, a writer who embarks on a treatise on some specific aspect of philosophy may lay down his pen oblivious of the point which he set out to prove. These excursions of the naturalist and the philosopher are doubtless absorbing for them, but for the onlooker—the business man or the reader—they are apt to be baffling, so that it is judicious, if not imperative, for them to remember the task in hand. To lose one's own way is one thing, to keep others waiting another.

It is, therefore, a virtue in Dr MacGregor that he states the *raison d'être* of his book at the outset, and never allows either the reader or himself to forget it. The problem with which we are faced is that of reconciling the value and attraction of beauty on the one hand with the necessity and importance of religion on the other: two facts which seem to be opposed and yet allied at the same time. It is a problem fascinating to the philosopher and theologian, and

one not without consequence for the Christian today, who finds himself, as his awareness of both beauty and religion grows, involved in a question which appears to have no solution in the fields of either. The time is indeed ripe, as Dr MacGregor says, for an examination of a subject at which philosophy, on account of the immaturity of æsthetic theory, and theology, inspired by a certain wise caution, have both shied in the past, if for no other reason, then because psychology (as Dr MacGregor recognizes in an appendix to his book) has turned both æsthetics and religion inside out and pronounced them devoid of *intrinsic* meaning.

The book is divided into two parts, the first devoted to the theory of æsthetics and the second to religion and the relationship between it and imaginative activity. Dr MacGregor's own views on æsthetic experience are a synthesis of those of Benedetto Croce and of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor without reference to whom 'there is no major question in Christian philosophy or theology that can be adequately treated', so that it is these two philosophical attitudes which he must examine primarily. However, recognizing the importance of approaching modern ideas from the standpoint of tradition, he prepares the way for his real analysis by a reconstruction of philosophical thought on the subject. This short survey could not be bettered. Moreover, the impression with which it leaves one is, one imagines, precisely that which Dr MacGregor wishes one to have—that despite preoccupation with the question in the past there was until Croce no real isolation of the æsthetic fact in philosophy.

The treatment accorded to Croce is in many ways more generous than that which St. Thomas receives, probably because his thought on the subject is contained mainly in a single book, the *Estetica*, of which Dr MacGregor first gives an account and then a critical analysis. He follows Croce in his main thesis: in his isolation of the fact of æsthetic experience as intuitive knowledge, his designation of this knowledge as the basis of all experience and indeed of all logical knowledge, his identification of intuition with expression so that æsthetics becomes the expression of impressions, and in his view that this intuition has no correspondence with conceptual thought or moral and 'economic' implications, so that for the artist there can be no moral duty, as such, and no economic necessity. Here it may be as well to pause, since for the Christian artist, especially the writer and even, perhaps, the painter—the musician in a sense occupies a different position—the question of moral obligation is a vital one, and one which it is a pity that Dr MacGregor, even at the risk of losing his way, does not consider very fully. He does, however, perhaps hint at a solution when he says 'Morality and reason, although irrelevant to æsthetic activity, cannot be said to be so irrelevant to the impression or content expressed in that activity, for they help to make it what it is', and his hint seems to lie in the direction to which Maritain and François Mauriac have pointed: 'Begin by purifying the source and those who drink of the water cannot be sick.'

Where Croce's thesis becomes untenable to Dr MacGregor is in his limitation of æsthetic experience to the expression, *within* the artist as it were, of impressions. He makes no distinction between art as a physical act of creation, and art as an inward intuition, and is, therefore, entirely agnostic about the possibility of the communication of æsthetic experience from one mind to another. Indeed, the only way for him in which this is achieved is for each mind to cast itself back into the crucible of experience—a process which cannot insure that one will inspire another by its artistic efforts, but only that both will have some intuition, even of an entirely dissimilar nature. Art must be in some sense a practical activity: here Dr MacGregor agrees with St. Thomas, and it must be possible to establish a communication, an empathy, between minds. If this were not so, the very meaning of human friendship—Philia, that highest form of human attachment—would be destroyed. And if this were destroyed the analogy between it and the love of God would also be destroyed—an analogy of the highest importance to religion, since it is only through analogy, even the analogy of faith, that our human eyes can see God. As Dr MacGregor says '*Videmus nunc per speculum in aenigmate*, and perhaps in analogical intellection not even as well as that; but, nevertheless, *videmus*.'

This brings one to religion, and to Dr MacGregor's study of mysticism and the connection of imagery with it. If God is the *terminus ad quem* of life, then æsthetic experience, lying below all other mental activity, is certainly the *terminus a quo*. In the lives of the great mystics, it is more difficult than any where else to resolve the problem of beauty and religion. Especially in the works of a Catholic mystic such as St. John of the Cross is this true, where the emphasis is always on the rejection of everything which satisfies the senses—'to know the creatures through God and not God through the creatures'—doubly true because at the same time St. John's work is full of the rich beauty of a mind overflowing with the imagery of human love, nature and imaginative activity. Dr MacGregor does not find this surprising: for the rejection of imagery there must be imagery to reject. This would, too, explain such a fact, seemingly somewhat out of character, as that mentioned in an article* on the saint by Gerald Brenan, that when staying at a certain monastery he used to disappear into a little room in the belfry and remain there for many hours, looking out of the window at an expanse of green fields and hills. It is the soul that has seen God in the creatures that can hope eventually to see the creatures in God.

Within the compass of these two ideas, then, we see the whole of life. It is a spiral that, beginning with æsthetic intuition, spins upwards to the *contemplatio Dei*, which is in itself the source of all virtue in the moral life. It is totally impossible in a notice of such a book as Dr MacGregor's to do justice to the scope and depth of the thought contained in it, but it is to his credit that his study may not only be a helpful answer, but may also provide a stimulus to the imaginative activity which is the initial stage of all true vision.

The Stamp of Nature. By Dallas Kenmare. (Williams & Norgate, 8s. 6d.).

Dimensions of Personality. By H. J. Eyesenck. (Kegan Paul, 25s.).

Sometimes a reviewer finds himself in the predicament of a man who, having gone for a long walk, slowly retraces his steps in the hope of recovering a lost watch. First, he must, as best he can, reconstruct in his mind's eye his exact path; next he must follow it, stopping now and again to scour the skirting shrubbery, and perhaps, if a pool is nearby, break off a branch to stir up the mud lest it *may* lie embedded there. Now, if this analogy is interpreted (and applied as it will be here) the watch must be taken as a symbol of time; of four year's lapse since the present writer left what Dr Eyesenck describes as 'a war-time neurosis centre.' The walk, however, is not only symbolic, for the approach of the D-Day by which this review was to be written has more than metaphorically made the same writer retrace his steps over forgotten ground: for instance, before settling down to write this notice he went to the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. There, digging the sandy gravel at the edge of the water, he noticed, as he recollected observing as a small boy, how a straight stick will take the bend of the water; and this has given him his cue—of how important it is, in considering psychological writings, to allow for the bend in human nature. Especially is this so with Miss Kenmare's 'Study of Parental and Family Influences'.

The author of *The Stamp of Nature* is a visualizer. That is to say she is neither, as one might expect from the title of her previous book, *The Philosophy of Love*, a philosopher, nor, as one might imagine from the index to both books, a thinker in the sense that Ouspensky is. Instead she is a poet writing in prose of matter-of-fact things. Her concern is with people and their family relationships; her medium a prose account of her discoveries in this sphere, but one which, because she is at heart a poet, lacks that precise logic which, admitting the irrationality of man, is yet prepared humbly to give reason its rein in an evaluation of him. She has intuitions about life and her conclusions are often capital; the fault lies in her explanation of them. In many ways her treatise resembles a bound set of examination-papers in which a

* See *Horizon*, May-June, 1947.

number of literary candidates know the last line of a geometric theorem, but cannot recall the stages of the proof and are apt to incorporate quotations which they have memorized for the English paper which is to follow. This is the fault of visualizers—a term here used to define poets when they leave their true province for semi-psychiatric excursions—that they tend to shy at an intellectual and reasoned approach to things and prefer to trot after fancies where they will. Take a case in point.

Miss Kenmare declares: 'It is notorious that even in this so-called enlightened age the majority of girls marry with the most rudimentary and inadequate knowledge of sex, and no knowledge at all of the art of motherhood . . . It should be usual in . . . education . . . for girls to take a course in education for motherhood—indeed, education for marriage itself.' Splendid: the matter could not be more sanely stated and it only needs Havelock Ellis' additional comment—'motherhood can no longer be regarded as a merely animal function'—to round it off. So far all is well, and would be so, were it not for some of the remarks which some twenty pages earlier act as a prologue to such plain-speaking. There, the author pleads for women to weigh more carefully the responsibilities of parenthood (still sound) and suggests that they should refuse to play this role until the menace of war is abolished (less so) and 'fortunately contraception has made such a choice possible' for them (definitely shaky). Here her facts are at fault, for it is common medical evidence that the principal danger for women is that the sterility self-imposed by artificial means often leads to barrenness when there is a genuine desire for children. This is not to imply that because the act is imperfect biologically in its achievement it is immoral. On the contrary, if that were so it would be to regard it as the 'merely animal function' of which Miss Kenmare and Ellis disapprove. Indeed, so long as the *I* gives himself unreservedly to the *Thou* the dignity which raises marriage from a physical act to a sacrament alone lasts: it remains Holy Matrimony. Yet the danger of this type of comment is that it will appeal principally to that element of the public which pins its trust in a belief that a low birth-rate is correlated to a high intelligence. People who do not understand the true nature of statistics will take them at their face value, so that confronted with the following table

DISTRIBUTION OF SCHOOL POPULATION OVER THE I.Q. SCALE

Approximate Type	I.Q.	Proportionate No. of Children	Average No. per Family	Proportionate No. of Families
1. Scholarship	> 130	1.8	2.3	2.7
2. Central School	115–130	12.2	2.7	15.3
3. Good Average	100–115	35.1	3.3	36.0
4. Poor Average	85–100	37.5	3.6	35.3
5. Dull & Backward	70– 85	11.9	4.2	9.6
6. Feebleminded	<70	1.5	4.7	1.1
Total		100.0		100.0

will interpret these figures as a constant and not grasp that they are a modern phenomenon of the last fifty years, and one largely brought about since contraceptive practices have become more prevalent amongst the educated classes. Dr Eyesenck does not belong to such a group, for as he admits in his preface to *Dimensions of Personality*, he is a disciple of Sir Cyril Burt, whose figures from his pamphlet *Intelligence and Fertility* are reproduced above, and whose maxim has always been that statistics is an invaluable servant but a bad master.

Dr Eyesenck is exceptionally modest about his researches, which are founded on factor analysis—a method based on the number of traits that go with a

specific type of man and from which one may deduce a common factor. At Mill Hill Hospital seven hundred patients were so examined and on a factorial analysis undertaken on thirty nine trait ratings, two main conclusions emerged: ' (1) A general factor of " neuroticism " characterized by such items as badly organized personality, abnormal before present illness, boarded out of the army, abnormality in parents, unsatisfactory home, poor muscular tone, etc., and (2) a bipolar factor opposing the affective or dysthymic group of symptoms (anxiety, depression, obsessional tendencies, apathy, irritability, autonomic dysfunction, etc.), to the hysterical group of symptoms (conversion symptoms, sex anomalies, low intelligence, bad work history, hypochondriasis, etc.).' What he does not take into account, and herein lies the limitation of his system, is that many of the tests, such as the matrix ones, were ' cooked.' A man entering Norton Barracks, Worcester, in 1942, as a ' rookie ' was told by an old soldier : ' Tosh, you wan'ter fail anything with sums like, cos' otherwise you may land yoursel' in the bloody R.A's. and if you get shoved in the bloody anti-tank mob, then you've bloody well 'ad it.' The same kind of information was current also at ' neurosis centres ', and so as a reader one has to be doubly careful with this type of documentary: careful to be alert to figures already gathered to endorse a point already held and careful also to allow for the bend in human nature. In fact it is here that one has need to supplement cold analysis with Miss Kenmare's very human journal of the ' Tragic Record', which tells of her friends who could not resolve their complexes and were ultimately defeated by them.

So it is, valuable as each book is, within its province, there is a need not only for the reports of the visualizer and statistician, but also for the writer who can synthesize the qualities of both, in much the same way as Lewis Mumford in treating of cities is able to knit together all the sources of a life-time's reading. This comment is not so much a stricture as a statement to put two restricted but yet highly significant contributions to psychology, within their true perspective.

December Spring. By Jocelyn Brooke. (John Lane, 6s.).

Moments of Time. By W. J. Strachan. (Sylvan Press, 6s.).

The Divided Ways. By John Heath-Stubbs. (Routledge, 5s.).

Jocelyn Brooke and W. J. Strachan are both, by temperament, nature poets whose verse has been modified by their experience of war. In Brooke this modification is profound and has resulted in a closely integrated, bare articulation of considerable power and technical versatility, in which he sings of ' our darkling time ' when the thought of Death has but recently so pressed upon us as to take—since living is, after all, our serious daily business—a disproportionately large place in our conception of reality. But war that ' eats our days ' has done more, as he sees it, than sharpen our realization of the proximity of physical death : it has destroyed a sense of order, certainty and continuity. ' The epoch draws to a close ' ; it has revealed the littleness of so much of our lives in the inter-war years (see ' Driving at Night '), and for Brooke now

' History is no contrived plot, but a rambling story.'

He feels what Blunden once called the ' ghosts of war ' between himself and his beloved, frustrating their sense of unity

> ' You are sure of your birthright and the summer land :
> The illusive moment binds us, but your eyes
> Are turned to a future I shall not understand.
>
> Yours the December Spring, and mine
> The empty skull, the sharpening wind ;
> For you the new world wakes, draws breath—
> For me there is only the long waiting,
> The vigil at the Death '

for he is ' reprieved from living ' and has become ' the lover of Death.'

These realizations do not, however, engender any facile defeatism ; he exults with a deepened intensity in the permanent things of nature—in the limited assets of our brief, perishable day ; and some readers may find their greatest pleasure in his nature poems like ' The White Heleborine ', ' Climate for War ', or ' California ', though even in these an exclusive concern with natural beauty is rare ; but the exactitude of phrase of the trained botanist makes them vivid and memorable.

One feels about Brooke's work a deep originality of thought and form, a careful choice of the precise noun and the untarnished epithet, but clogged, here and there, with an undergrowth of verbal echoes from other poets that must be cut away if his latent genius is to flourish. Not only does he twice use the dangerous ' darkling ', but there are other reverberations from ' The Ode to a Nightingale ' such as :

> ' So now I am half in love
> With this amorous dark . . .'
> [' Night Shift ']

and ' amorous ' itself occurs too often in these pages. Of contemporary influences that of Eliot makes itself allusively felt in a number of poems, and there is a specific echo of ' The Waste Land ' in the finely controlled irony of ' To a Communist at Easter ' :

> ' The earth sloughs off the outworn skin
> Of the dead season, and April resumes again
> His subtle and merciless offensive '

but his chief debts seem to be to MacNeice. ' Embarkation Leave ' has (twice) ' the sunlight on the garden ', as well as

> ' The wakeful and sunlit hours islanded '

recalling MacNeice's

> ' Balance of definite masses, the islanded hour,'

and

> ' O now if only this expanding moment
> Of after-tea and sunlight on the hills
> Could be protracted . . .'

from ' Night Shift ', brings back to the memory the aspiration in MacNeice's ' Trilogy for X '

> ' O my love, if only I were able
> To protract this hour of quiet after passion.'

These are at the worst, however, but encumbrances round the roots of a genuine and gifted poetic talent : see the technical ingenuity, for example, in the second stanza of ' Sea Piece ', the concentrated power of his octet on ' The Dead ', or the felicity of this ending to ' Month's Mind ' :

> ' O World and Time be kind
> To the lost and desolate heart :
> Make broad these loins of War
> For the difficult birth ;
> And in due season
> Absolve the purified,
> The pledged and contrite fruit
> Of the flowering bone :
> Blood of the slain bull
> On the broken altar-stone—
> In the ritual moment,
> Predestined and foreknown.'

In achievement, and perhaps still more in promise, this is a noteworthy first volume.

It is difficult to say as much for W. J. Strachan's : too many of his poems are mere ' occasional verse ' with no echo in a wider orbit, though the best of such pieces, especially those connected with painters and painting—' National Gallery Revisited ', ' Homage to Painters ', ' Whistler's Portrait of his Mother '—as well as ' Chartres ' and such genuine Imagist evocations as ' Sea-piece ' or

'Summer Drought', are always pleasurable to read. For the rest, his poems are mainly nostalgic reveries in which natural scene and season play an important part: only rarely, as in 'Warning' or 'Than Final Loss', is there any reaching out from the personal towards the universal. Yet there is a freshness and sincerity about his poetry that is attractive, and he appears to owe little to any of his contemporaries. What he seems chiefly to lack at the moment is an adequate emotional discipline that will result in more discrimination and greater tautness and compression to enable him to lift his work above the level of good magazine verse. He appears, like Brooke, to lack at the moment any major personal experience out of which to write, but, unlike Brooke, he is insufficiently possessed of a sense of his time to be able to give point and poignancy to such lesser experience as has befallen him or add light and colour to the monochrome of daily affairs.

To turn from Brooke or Strachan to John Heath-Stubbs is to leave the present and enter a realm where questions of contemporaneity cease to arise. With the exception of the title poem, a moving and memorable lament for Sidney Keyes—

> 'He has gone into the dark cellar
> To talk with the bright-faced Spirit with silver hair;
> But I shall never know what word was spoken there'

—he is not concerned with our troubled times, but writes with a certain assured quietness and with his eyes on the past. He is what may be fairly called a literary poet: a scholar but never a pedant, drawing on his experience of literature rather than on the personal events of his own more limited sphere. To christen a poet 'literary' is neither to praise nor disparage him: it is what he makes of his material that counts. Much personal experience—Strachan's book is an example—affords inadequate motivation for poetry; on the other hand, the experiencing of great literature is, for some people—we have only to recall Keats's sonnet on Chapman's *Homer*—the most memorable thing in their lives.

There are translations here from the Latin of Thomas Gray, from Petrarch, and from Gérard de Nerval as well as poems on themes from Baudelaire and Tibullus, but, for the most part, the literary experience on which the book is based is composite and general: Heath-Stubbs writes in the spirit and mood o other ages rather than on the inspiration of individual figures. The volume opens, for example, with 'Nine Gothic Ballads', the first, 'Drinking Song', taking our minds back to the days of the Wandering Scholars, and for metre going to Dante's *terza rima*:

> 'I travel the road from town to town
> Dry mouth, dry brain, and an old patched gown
> And if you'll drink with me, brother, come down.'

while his Ballade, Sestina and Alba pay their tribute to verse forms of an earlier day.

But avoiding current problems and the urgency of the contemporary social and political scene he yet succeeds in holding our attention by reason of his subtle music (there is nothing obvious in Heath-Stubbs—sometimes not even the meaning!) as in this splendid passage from the end of 'Saint Cecilia' (the saint is speaking):

> 'But now another visitor has come
> To hear my dove-winged chords and silver scale,
> And three nights in the shadow he has stood
> Erect, yet with bowed head, and six wings furled
> About his bare and splendid body;
> Long hair like small blue flames swept back above
> His lucid brows, and great eyes deep with love;
> Sword girt about his shining loins—sentinel
> Of God's high eastern watch-tower, set to challenge
> The radiant Sun with words, when fiery hoov'd
> His steeds beat up the dawn.'

His zest for living however sordid the conditions, as in the 'Drinking Song' or the Villon-like 'The Beggar', combines, with mediæval simplicity, with an abiding consciousness in poem after poem of the ever-present proximity of Death. In this elegiac cast of thought in 'Ballade', for example, the Greek epigram resounds anew :

> 'Sailor, who sport these glittering seas upon,
> While the soft sunlight on your hair is laid,
> Turning at last to port, remember one
> Who shall be gone to rest within the shade.'

Heath-Stubbs' work as a whole has a strange fascination ; it will never be 'popular'; it is seldom genuinely obscure. It has a quiet, recondite attractiveness, and a certainty, poise, serenity—call it what you will—that is born of long and careful discipline to form that results today in a deceptive sense of easy control of his medium and in a complete freedom, as far as one can tell, from any poetic influence of the present or immediate past : among contemporaries perhaps only E. H. W. Meyerstein at his best affords any real comparison This is not a volume for quick or light perusal, but one with its maturity o form and vision that the scholarly and the thoughtful will like to possess. Th conclusion of his elegy for his friend Keyes is representative of more than on side of his genius :

> 'But he is gone where no hallooing voice
> Nor beckoning hand can ever call him back ;
> And what is ours of him
> Must speak impartially for all the world ;
> There is no personal word remains for me,
> And I pretend to find no meaning here.
> Though I might guess that other Singer's wisdom
> Who saw in Death a dark immaculate flower,
> And tenderness in every falling autumn,
> This abstract music will not bring again
> My friend to his warm room :
> Inscrutable the darkness covers him.'

Shorter Notices

Sooner or later, the whole system of publishing must be revised, because those who conduct independent reviews are beginning to discover that their readers are drawn mainly from two classes : from university circles on the one hand, and on the other from that section of the community which has had little schooling, but whose natural knowledge has not been impaired by technics and which still believes in the mystery of creation—farriers, doormen, clockmakers. Perhaps, too, one day in the struggle against totalitarianism both groups will unite actively, as they do now as outcasts on the periphery of society. At any rate, these comments have been thrown out so as to herald the first number of *The Changing World* (Harvill Press, 3s. 6d.), a quarterly which aims at restoring objective truth so that man may see himself not as an unrelated phenomenon composed of so many molecules, but as an entity which is the reflection of something far vaster, of God himself. Together with this quarterly appears *The Artist and Society* by Gino Severini (Harvill Press, 4s.), the first of a series of *cahiers* under the editorship of Bernard Wall which is designed to illustrate further the contents of the review. Severini, like David Jones and Gabriel Marcel in the latter, shows at more length in his essay how 'the history of peoples and civilizations is written by their art and not by their economics and industries and politics' ; of how all art—that of professor and farrier alike—can be universal in its appeal because qualitatively the so-called masses are composed of individual and separate human beings amongst whom 'God has scattered intelligence, like beauty, everywhere.' A statement so simple in its appeal that it is as much a departure from most modern dialectic jargon as these two publications in theme and thesis are departures away from the general spirit of this age.